

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXXIX. }

No. 1991.—August 19, 1882.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLIV. }

CONTENTS.

I. AMERICAN SOCIETY IN AMERICAN FICTION,	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	. . .	387
II. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part VII.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	. . .	405
III. MUHAMMAD AND HIS TEACHING.,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	. . .	416
IV. A CAT'S-PAW,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	. . .	430
V. REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	. . .	434
VI. GEORGE CONSIDINE. By the author of "The Ghost of Aldrum Hall,"	<i>Argosy,</i>	. . .	438
VII. DICKENS AS DRAMATIST,	<i>Spectator,</i>	. . .	446

POETRY.

CUCKOO!	. . .	386	TO MARY—AGED SEVEN DAYS,	. . .	386
A VICTORIA CROSS,	. . .	386			
MISCELLANY,	. . .				448

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

CUCKOO!

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing Cuccu.

Old English Song.

THERE's a dreamy voice in the summer air,
Its mellow music is ever rare —

Cuckoo!

Leading our thoughts like gentle seer
Over meadow and moor and mere,
Like a saddening love, the spell is dear:
Sweetly sings cuckoo.

It breathes a tale of the flowers of May,
Of violet bank and primrose brae,

Cuckoo!

Woods with the hyacinth misty blue,
Fields with the daisy white, and the dew
Bright as the day the world was new:
Blithely calls cuckoo.

Snow-white showers of anemones
Have blown beneath the budding trees —

Cuckoo!

The sombre pines to life have sprung,
And all with tender tassels hung,
Have sunlight o'er their shadows flung:
Summer sings cuckoo.

Far hath fled the winter's ruth;
Winds breathe softly from the south:

Cuckoo!

Woodlands gladden every scene,
With their shades of tender green,
Of gold and bronze, in holt and dean:
Mellow calls cuckoo.

O'er the still and distant down,
Where the heath is black and brown —

Cuckoo!

Where the birch with drooping head,
And the stunted oaks are spread
Thinly 'twixt the moor and mead,
Gladsome calls cuckoo.

Floating o'er the brairding corn,
In the peaceful eve and morn,

Cuckoo!

As from sprite that flitteth by,
Singing sweetly in a sigh,
Weird and strange the melody:
Quaintly calls cuckoo!

Chambers' Journal.

J. H. P.

A VICTORIA CROSS.

DID you see me to-day, oh! my long-lost love,
As you passed through the cheering crowd,
With your soldier step and your head upraised,
And your white face calm and proud?
Did you guess that the color flushed my cheeks
As I heard them speak your name,
As I heard them say that your deeds stood high
In our English tales of fame?

Did you guess that I watch'd as again you
passed

With the cross that our heroes wear?
Did you know I could almost have touched
your hand
As you carelessly left me there?

Oh! they tell me that foes need be foes no
more

When their battles are lost and won,
So, perchance, we may learn to be friends
again

When the battle of life is done.
Will you know in that future, oh love, my love,
That I was not so much to blame?

Will you know that I too have my cross to
bear,

Tho' it brings me no breath of fame?
'Tis the unseen cross that we women wear,
When our steps to the grave must go

Over ways to whose danger the world is blind:
Tho' I think that the angels know.

Golden Hours.

NELLA PARKER.

TO MARY—AGED SEVEN DAYS.

BRIGHT as the morn that heralded thy birth,
So bright may all thy life be, little fairy!
And thou shalt bear the prettiest name on
earth, —

All hail! sweet, infant Mary!

Come, tell me, is there truth in Wordsworth's
story

(Of faith in poets I am somewhat chary),
That babies trail behind them "clouds of
glory"? —

Dost thou, oh, tiny Mary?

Clouds I have sometimes seen on baby faces,
Mostly when teething makes them feel con-
trary,

But of the glory I could find no traces, —
Don't be offended, Mary!

Sage Darwin more than hints the race of men
Descends from ancestors all tailed and
hairy, —

A lowly origin, 'tis true; but then,
Our star is rising, Mary!

Is it not nobler to be bravely striving
Onward and upward, with slow steps and
wary,
Than, from the gods our origin deriving,
Be slowly sinking, Mary?

A glorious womanhood, true, strong, and ten-
der;

A sparkling wit, with fancy bright and airy;
A grace to which all hearts will homage ren-
der, —

May these be thine, sweet Mary!

Spectator.

FANNY PEIRSON.

From The Edinburgh Review.
AMERICAN SOCIETY IN AMERICAN
FICTION.*

VERY naturally our American friends are in the habit of boasting of the colossal scale of everything in their magnificent continent. Their lakes are seas, and their rivers are navigable for many thousand miles above the mighty estuaries. The very "parks" which are locked away within the recesses of their grand mountain ranges might pass for provinces or principalities in the cramped countries of the Old World. Yet engineering science, backed by unlimited capital, has overcome those formidable obstacles and barriers, flinging bridges everywhere across the broad rivers and carrying railways by easy gradients through the passes in the mountain chains. Everywhere they may point with legitimate pride to the triumphs of mind and energy over matter. Agriculture has kept pace with manufacturing industry, while it has far outstripped commerce. The boundless prairies are being reclaimed by indefatigable labor, and the buffalo and the roving savage have given place to herds of sleek cattle with their stockmen. Mining has made greater millionaires than manufactures; discoveries of minerals and of mineral oils have directed the rush of immigration to the most savage districts of the continent, till from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the quays of New York, and from the shores of Lake Superior to the mouths of the Mississippi, the States are being "settled up" by a community that is being steadily consolidated by the spread of a vast network of railway lines. Clusters of wooden shanties shoot up into towns; while towns that are favored by situation or circum-

stances grow rapidly into great cities; nor is there any surer road from competence to wealth than judicious investments in eligible building lots. While to more impetuous spirits who would hasten to be rich, or who care little for mere money-getting without excitement, the universal epidemic of speculation offers endless and inviting opportunities. The leading stock markets in the east and west, with their rings and corners, syndicates and financial combinations, are so many centres of calculating gambling, where luck is largely tempered by skill. The leviathans of the exchanges play very much on velvet, and if they lose heavily one day, they can afford, with their enormous resources, to wait patiently for their turn of revenge. In the States we see the remarkable phenomenon of groops of busy citizens and capitalists, enriched already beyond all the dreams of avarice, beyond the possibilities and even the power of enjoyment, who seldom spare the time to spend a dollar on themselves, but give their families unlimited credit with their bankers. In short, while the bulk of the population in other countries is content to exist, the Americans are essentially a money-accumulating nation, and every man from a Vanderbilt to the rough Western pioneer is more or less eager to better himself. The maxim of "Nothing venture, nothing have" is very generally in favor, and should a pushing individual "come to grief" while "making his pile," to do his countrymen bare justice, they are very ready to help him and by no means disposed to be hard on his indiscretions. And the result is that their life is real and earnest in another sense from that intended by the poet they lost the other day.

Such a society may assure for its members in general more than a sufficiency of material comforts, but it can hardly be favorable to the ideal forms of refinement, or even encourage what are called the learned professions. The fever of work possesses a community which can barely spare time for sleep and meals. Intellect is necessarily at a discount, save in so far as it can be turned to practical purposes, as when science becomes the

* 1. *Democracy: an American Novel.* New York and London: 1882.

2. *The Europeans.* By H. JAMES, jun. London: 1880.

3. *Daisy Millar.* By H. JAMES, jun. London: 1881.

4. *Confidence.* By H. JAMES, jun. London: 1880.

5. *A Chance Acquaintance.* By W. D. HOWELLS. Boston, U. S.: 1880.

6. *A Gentleman of Leisure.* By EDGAR FAWCETT. London: 1881.

7. *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl.* Edited by ROBERT GRANT. London: 1881.

handmaid of the stock markets and patents lucrative inventions. Eminent firms of lawyers may enjoy incomes unknown in England, because their services are in request to negotiate business matters with the utmost economy of invaluable time; and fashionable physicians earn fancy fees by ministering to overwrought brains and soothing agitated nerves. Here and there an eloquent and popular divine, who has the art of addressing himself with irresistible force to the emotions, draws immense congregations; and it is alleged that in New York, in the gayest circles, a conspicuous pew in a fashionable place of worship is as indispensable as an opera-box on the grand tier. But literature, especially in its lighter and more graceful form, inevitably goes to the wall. In the absence of an appreciative body of readers, there is no incitement to the nobler ambitions; and looking at literature from the lower pecuniary standpoint, its returns are poor and more than problematic. Indeed, there is perhaps nothing more extraordinary in the history of human culture, than the fact that a nation exercising vast political power and priding itself on the boundless resources of its civilization, should have so little to boast of in the shape of books. No doubt there are special reasons, in the case of the United States, which go some way to explain the phenomenon. A body of national literature is the growth of time, of leisure, of venerable learned foundations, and, we may add, of a multiplicity of easy fortunes transmitted by inheritance, or independent of trade. Then you have trained writers and readers. The successful author may aspire to a position of his own, in great measure independent of his income. Men of lettered tastes in comfortable circumstances are tempted to indulge in a fascinating pursuit which gives congenial occupation with the chance of celebrity. Poor men may reasonably betake themselves to a profession, which has occasionally valuable prizes and offers a fair hope of a competency. While many must fail or fall far beneath mediocrity, many succeed, to the encouragement of others; and thus the tastes are formed which must be grati-

fied by the laws of demand and supply. The tastes may take vulgar or very commonplace forms, but all the same books of a kind are multiplied.

In America the conditions we have suggested can scarcely be said to exist. It is a young and a rapidly rising country: society is continually in uneasy movement, and has been shifting steadily westward towards barbarous regions. It is true that sundry centuries have elapsed since the Pilgrim Fathers landed in New England; and, as matter of fact, we find that the higher American culture has been mainly confined to the State of Massachusetts. But even in New England, what with the prolonged struggles of the colonists, and the severe, Puritanical spirit that cramped their intellectual growth, culture had a slow and an unfavorable start. While elsewhere, all less pressing considerations have been sacrificed to the unresting struggle to move on and grow richer. Poor men, with their way to make, are heavily handicapped, and must strain every nerve to hold their own. Even wealthy men think the time is wasted which holds back their sons from entering on the battle of life, after they have been taught to read, to write, and to calculate. The lucky oligarchy that is born to riches labors either to increase or to squander them. The minds of all are absorbed in the interests which set their springs in motion, and lie nearest to their hearts; and the only literature that really excites them must be either political, industrial, financial, sporting, or ephemerally frivolous. So while innumerable journals command a great circulation, there is no duller market than the market for books; even ladies, who in England would be inveterate novel-readers, seem in America to have no time for reading of any kind.

But besides all that, there are other causes which conspire to discourage American authorship. Publishers need never pay for native talent, so long as the whole range of English literature is within their reach, and while they can acquire a copy of any new and popular work for the mere cost of the carriage or postage. We find, in fact, that the most

distinguished American authors have been almost invariably men of fortune and leisure, who chose to indulge the bent of their genius. Moreover, and so far as our immediate subject is concerned, we suspect that American novelists would still be at a grave disadvantage, even were Englishmen effectually protected by an international copyright. We find, as we should expect, in the books which have come under our notice, that the authors who lay their scenes at home are sadly at a loss for novelty in their subjects and are fettered by the monotony of their types. Society is cast in certain stereotyped moulds, and the springs which set its machinery in motion are patent to the most superficial observer. Cooper's Indian is extinct, or has been relegated to the "reserves;" or he is a drunken vagabond loafing about the railway depôts and ready to carry a valise for a few cents. The sensationalism of the wild West, with its roughs, revolvers, shooting sheriffs, and Lynch law, is soon exhausted. It is not every day that a political and philanthropical reaction against a lucrative national "institution" gives an opportunity to the author of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The stories of quiet rural life among the snug homesteads and picturesque woodlands of the Eastern States are studies of scenery and manners rather than of characters and motives; and in short, the novelist must fall back upon the worlds of fashion or of business. There is small scope for the play of the imagination in ringing the changes on flirtations, where nothing is changed but the costumes, whether they are carried on at New York, Newport, or Saratoga: there is no place for subtle mental analysis in the scramble and glare of the showy entertainments, where the sensations are some grand *coup* in the matrimonial market by a penniless fortune-hunter or a beauty on her promotion; or the collapse of the sham capitalist who figured yesterday as a Cæsus.

The novelist in search of a subject seems to have an alternative to be sure, and that is the delineation of life in Boston or its environs. But life in Boston can only be made reasonably attrac-

tive by an artist like Mr. James, who is more than a scene-painter; or by one of Mr. James's more capable disciples. As a rule, the cultured Bostonian is introduced charily, and with an invariable propriety of mind and demeanor; and while he serves as a foil to the members of the giddy throng about him, he is made to figure in a ludicrous light. Boston has its recognized place in the cosmogony of the Union as the show capital of culture. As it is literally shadowed out in American fiction, it represents all that is "high-toned," respectable, and dull. The men have been educated at Harvard, though they may sometimes have neglected their advantages. But if they subsequently sow their wild oats, they sow them in secret or abroad, and have the grace to be ashamed of themselves. If they mean to settle down among their own people, they are bound to reform early; and if wise, they will atone for their indiscretions by a double assumption of propriety. The atmosphere of society is scientific and æsthetic, and its leaders, although bound to be moderately well off, have, for the most part, made their mark by their brains. Hitherto at least, there has been always a certain number of celebrities of European reputation, who have attracted the visits of admiring foreign travellers, and of whom their fellow-citizens are at least as proud, as of the patriotic memories of Bunker's Hill. The ladies espouse talent when they can; and there is a considerable residuum of strong-minded maiden blue-stockings and spinster advocates of woman's rights. While those who have been linked by their fate to mere moneyed respectability are content to lead humdrum existences, enlivened by mildly intellectual festivities, and become irreproachable as wives, mothers, and housekeepers. Such are the impressions of Boston as we have gathered them from a perusal of American fiction *passim*; and it must be owned that any work of fiction founded on them must be wanting as much in relief as in the excitement that is derived from the analysis of our vices and foibles.

The best recent novel upon Boston

society with which we are acquainted is Mr. Henry James's "Europeans," which he modestly terms a "sketch." Not that its being a sketch tells against the workmanship, for in our opinion Mr. James is never so effective as when he dashes in his figures in spirited outline. And the acuteness of Mr. James's observation is unimpeachable, while he is no mean student of the eccentricities of human nature, and can shrewdly contrast the complexities of character. Few novelists are more successful in the art of indicating an idiosyncrasy with one or two pregnantly epigrammatic touches, or of making an individual bare the mind for inspection by some slight but suggestive self-revelation. We are far from saying or believing that he takes no pride in the material triumphs that have made America a marvel of prosperity among the nations. That he can appreciate the seemingly hard and successful man of the world, when he feels indefinite yearnings after higher things, is shown in the delineation of his typical "American." But his sympathies are all on the side of the refinement which has a struggle to hold its own in the States, and breathes more freely in the air of the older continents. He ought at all times to be a dispassionate judge of the attractions which Boston has to offer. But even the patriotism of Mr. James shrinks from attempting to make a readable novel simply of the home-bred elements of society in Massachusetts. So he imports a couple of vivacious Europeans, who give his book the needful animation. The strangers, who are themselves American by extraction, take kindly to their American kinsfolk; but they very speedily get bored. Indeed, they have been conscious from the day of their arrival in Boston of an overpowering sense of depression. Being Bohemians in their habits, they may have been demoralized by unwholesome excitement; but then their unhealthy cravings are counterbalanced in the States by freedom from pecuniary anxieties, and by the unfamiliar comforts with which they are surrounded. It would be natural enough, nevertheless, that they should murmur in the moments when the uneventful days will hang heavy on their hands; but Mr. James justifies their complaints, either when speaking in his own person, or by the frank admissions of the Boston folks themselves. Felix Young is addressing his rich uncle, Mr. Wentworth, who, half from old-fashioned courtesy and half from his liking for the youth, lets his scapegrace nephew take unusual

liberties. "I simply meant," said Felix, explaining away a misconception, "I simply meant that you all don't amuse yourselves." The very notion of amusing oneself strikes the elderly gentleman, who has a youthful son and a pair of charming daughters, as at once novel and fantastic. "Amuse ourselves?" is the suggestive answer; "we are not children." And these are Mr. James's comments on the creditable efforts of the sparkling European young lady to make herself pleasant and to find life in America agreeable.

She had joined that simple circle over the way; she had mingled in its plain provincial talk; she had shared its meagre and savorless pleasures. She had set herself a task and she had rigidly performed it. She had conformed to the angular conditions of New England life, and she had had the tact and pluck to carry it off as if she liked them. Acton felt a more downright need than he had ever felt before to tell her that he admired her, and that she struck him as a very superior woman. All along, hitherto, he had been on his guard with her; he had been cautious, observant, suspicious. But now a certain light tumult in his blood seemed to intimate that a finer degree of confidence in this charming woman would be its own reward. "We don't detest you," he went on. "I don't know what you mean. At any rate, I speak for myself; I don't know anything about the others. Very likely you detest them for the dull life they make you lead. Really it would give me a sort of pleasure to hear you say so."

Of course Mr. James, when he makes the baroness express herself so strongly, is looking at the "dull" life through the lady's eyes; but Acton, who rebels equally against it, and who resents its restraints, is a fellow-citizen of the Wentworths, and was to their manners born. He is the reverse of dissipated; he is scarcely gay; his home is brightened by an exceptionally sprightly sister; but his ideas have been expanded by travelling in Europe, so that he has been altogether spoiled for residence at home, and finds everything in Massachusetts flat and unprofitable. But with such an author as Mr. James, the first sentences of the story are sure to give the keynote to its general tone, and the opening scene is sufficiently sombre. Whether or no the visitor to the States find his warmest welcome in their hotels, he has seldom to complain of lack of liveliness in those showy and bustling caravanserais. But it would seem that even the hotels of Boston have a distinctive and subdued character of their own.

A narrow graveyard in the heart of a bustling, indifferent city, seen from the windows of a

gloomy-looking inn, is at no time an object of enlivening suggestion; and the spectacle is not at its best when the mouldy tombstones and funeral umbrage have received the ineffectual refreshment of a dull, moist snowfall. . . . This fact was keenly felt on a certain 12th of May, upwards of thirty years since, by a lady who stood looking out of the windows of the best hotel in the ancient city of Boston.

No doubt new hotels have been run up in Boston in the course of the last generation, though there have been far fewer changes there than in most of the Northern State capitals; yet thirty years ago in the city of New York, for example, many a vast palatial establishment was already eclipsing the glories of the once brilliant Astor House.

Mr. William D. Howells has many qualities in common with Mr. James, although distinctly his inferior in descriptive power, in incisive discrimination of character, and in literary execution generally. He has the same faculty of quick observation, and far from being blind to the shortcomings of his country-people, he is always on the lookout to make artistic capital of them. If he is not a Bostonian by birth, he is evidently familiar with the city, and has written an entertaining and instructive volume of "Suburban Sketches." Like Mr. James, too, he is fond of laying his scenes abroad, but decidedly one of his best novels is "A Chance Acquaintance." The chance acquaintance is a well educated, well-mannered, and well-dressed gentleman from Boston, who has attached himself in the course of a visit to Canada to a party of tourists from one of the Western States. The portrait of this Mr. Arbuton is excessively satirical, yet it strikes us as exceedingly lifelike. He is one of those superior persons, so thoroughly commonplace that we can easily believe him to be essentially representative. A prig from the crown of the stove-pipe hat to the thin soles of the polished boots, only too well-dressed and too correctly-mannered, he is the very man to impose on an inexperienced maiden. He is attracted to his travelling companions, first by force of circumstances, afterwards by the piquancy of a very pretty girl. The enthusiastic Kitty Ellison was ready to be prepossessed in his favor, and to welcome a polished Bostonian as an angel in disguise rather than a mere mortal. Arbuton had been bred in Boston; he had moved familiarly from boyhood in those ethereal spheres; and she had been brought up at the feet of a simple-minded, intellectual

enthusiast, who believed in Boston and its superlative citizens above all earthly things.

Finally, my dear child [so her uncle wrote to his favorite] I want you to remember that in Boston you are not only in the birthplace of American liberty, but the yet holier scene of its resurrection. There everything that is noble and grand and liberal has originated, and I cannot doubt that you will find the character of its people marked by every attribute of a magnanimous democracy. If I could envy you anything, my dear girl, I should envy you this privilege of seeing a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is in himself, and where color, wealth, family occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence.

Read by the sarcastic lights that are subsequently flashed upon an average specimen of the *élite* of the "magnanimous democracy," that is a very pretty piece of irony. As Mr. Howells presents Mr. Arbuton to us:—

In many things he was an excellent person, and greatly to be respected for certain qualities. He was very sincere: his mind had a singular purity and rectitude; he was a scrupulously just person as far as he knew. He had traits that would have fitted him very well for the career he had once contemplated, and he had even made some preliminary studies for the ministry. But the very generosity of his creed perplexed him, his mislikers said; contending that he never could have got on with the mob of the redeemed. . . . It was long ago that he had abandoned the thought of the ministry, and he had since travelled and read law and become a man of society and the clubs; but he still kept the traits that had seemed to make his vocation clear. On the other hand, he kept the prejudices that were imagined to have disqualified him. He was an exclusive by training and by instinct.

Arbuton's love passages with the unsophisticated but rather romantic Western girl are described with a good deal of quiet humor. Starched and sober-minded as he is, there is what Sam Slick would call "considerable human nature" in him; and he catches the reflection of Kitty Ellison's brightness and is thawed to some extent in the warmth of her smiles. But if he brings himself to condescend to her in her emotional moods with tolerant geniality, it is chiefly because he "respects what he thought the good sense running through her transports," and "wonders at the culture she had somewhere, somehow got." He is oppressed by the sense of his responsibilities to himself and to his society. In reality, he is absolutely

his own master, and might have married the young lady out of hand. "But he had a fortune to which he owed much, and a conscience that would not leave him at rest." He should have to gravitate back to Boston sooner or later, and his free will is fettered by conscious thoughts of what the best society there might think of his wife. Kitty had an inconvenient grandfather, moreover, who had been shot in Missouri not from any fault of his own; and though the fact of the murder might perhaps be suppressed, if revealed it could not be decently extenuated. However, the travelling ties that might have changed into the chains of wedlock are snapped in a scene in which Arbuton so absolutely betrays his nature, that even the eyes of the partial Kitty are opened. Luckily for her, she happens to be in a somewhat shabby travelling-dress, when Arbuton meets two ladies who move in the upper Boston circles. He treats her as a disreputable acquaintance, hesitates to present her, decides to ignore her altogether for the time, and afterwards receives with real regret, but with unimpaired civility, the dismissal that is given with passionate bluntness, yet with much maidenly dignity.

If Mr. Hannibal Chollop was "a splendid example of our native raw material," we fancy we may take Arbuton as a fair sample of the shoddy of a false culture, shaped by a fashionable tailor, according to fixed rules. We must remember that he belongs to a class which lends itself to the ridicule in which clever American novelists love to indulge. For the rollicking drollery of the unconventional West, though it still influences the more polished authors of the older States, is toned down into subtler forms of humor; and the very dullest of American novels, so far as our experience goes, is enlivened by occasional flickers of fun. The Arbutons know nothing of any world but their own, and their narrow minds have never been expanded by acquaintance with foreign men and manners. If we look for the highest type of the intellectual American, we must seek it not in Washington as we might assume from European analogies, but in novels the scenes of which are laid either in England or on the Continent. It is natural enough that the intellectual American should incline to become a vagabond, for the Old World with its associations offers irresistible temptations to enquiring and earnest youth in the golden age of sentiment. The misfortune is, that whatever

be the turn of his tastes, he is very apt to cease to be a patriot. Either he falls morbidly in love with the memories and mouldering remains of the past, and steepes his soul in the æsthetic sensualism of art galleries, or he abandons himself to the seductive influences of a gay, polished, and lettered society, and draws comparisons greatly to the disadvantage of his country-people. We meet him constantly in Mr. James's most effective novels — and there also Mr. Howells has trodden in Mr. James's steps. It is true that "the American," *par excellence*, who may be considered as Mr. James's masterpiece of national portraiture, is in some measure an exception. It is true that that gentleman takes kindly to Frenchmen; that he sets himself with characteristic energy, and to his bitter disappointment as it proves, to marry a Frenchwoman of noble family, and that, had he not been betrayed into a most unlucky love-chase, he would undoubtedly have had "a good time of it" in Paris, and might have probably ended by making it his residence. But Newman, although "a strong man," as he prides himself on being, and a sensible man, is anything rather than intellectual. He knows nothing of books; he buys his pictures by the square foot or for the coloring, or because he is taken with the pretty face of a copyist; his "talk is of bullocks," or what is tantamount to that. While Mr. James's favorite heroes are for the most part refined, æsthetic, and sentimental. Though moulded after a well-marked pattern of his own, they remind us of Paul Flemming in "Hyperion." We find them loitering among the churches and ruins of famous cities, gazing dreamily at the eternal Alps on the distant horizon. They are infinitely better read than any educated Englishman of their age and standing; they have cultivated good powers of observation with shrewd independence, and they extend their critical and somewhat cynical admiration for the beautiful to any graceful young girl who may cross their path. Before Mr. James's works had familiarized us with them, and notwithstanding our recollections of Paul Flemming, there was novelty in their very conception. They were so different from popular notions of the American abroad, as confirmed by every-day experience. For they as little resemble the Philistine doing the grand tour at a hand-gallop, confiding blindly in personal conductors, courriers, and *laquais de place*, and knocking off his dozen of churches before a

scrambling breakfast, as the sporting sybarite, who, settling in France, divides the year between Paris, Pau, and Trouville. Like Bernard Longueville and Gordon Wright, as described in "Confidence," they are generally "highly civilized young Americans, born to an easy fortune and a tranquil destiny, and unfamiliar with the glitter of golden opportunities." If they show a lack of energy that seems inconsistent with the nature of their countrymen, they are merely the victims of affluence, and not by any means commonplace. They can act with decision under a sufficing stimulus; they are even capable of concentrated resolution of purpose, and their conversation, like their opinion of things in general, is characterized by a quaint originality which is often epigrammatically suggestive. In short, in them the American genius for progress has run to waste, in place of being elevated in its direction by their better opportunities.

The young ladies who captivate their fancies or excite a chivalrous admiration are likewise original. If they had not soul, sentiment, or something of the kind, as well as beauty, they could hardly have torn themselves away for any length of time from balls in the cities at home or picnics in the watering-places. They avail themselves liberally of the license permitted to young unmarried women in America, if they never abuse it; although their unconventionality and their indiscretions may scandalize Europeans. They keep their brothers in leading-strings, snub their admirers, and although their passing flirtations may be tinged by romance, they generally marry for satisfactory settlements. Yet the most piquant feminine sketches in Mr. James's Continental stories are of such girls as we may meet every day in American novels or ballrooms. Nothing has entertained us more in that way than his "Daisy Millar"—"a study;" although poor Daisy carries her independence to almost impossible lengths; and her fate is made gratuitously sad, since she is cut off in her follies by Roman fever. In her case, Mr. James seems to have determined to atone for an unusually playful outbreak of unadulterated humor by a *dénouement* as depressing as that of Hamlet or "The Bride of Lammermoor." And if he does not condescend as a rule to the giddy coquettes whose idiosyncrasies lie scarcely more than skin deep, it is not that he cannot hit them off to the life when he pleases. What can be better, for example, than

these passages from the babble of the beautiful Miss Blanche Evers, in the Kursaal gardens at Baden? Miss Evers "was simply the American pretty girl whom he had seen a thousand times."

I have been here about four weeks. I don't know whether you call that long. It doesn't seem long to me; I have had such a lovely time. I have met ever so many people here I know—every day some one turns up. Now you have turned up to-day. . . . I think you know a great friend of mine, Miss Ella Mac-lane of Baltimore. She's travelling in Europe now. She's far too lovely. I have often heard her speak of you. I think you know her sister rather better than you know her. She has not been out very long. She is just as interesting as she can be. Her hair comes down to her feet. She's travelling in Norway. She has been everywhere you can think of, and she's going to finish off with Finland. You can't go any further than that, can you? That's one comfort; she will have to turn round and come back.

The class of Americans abroad with which Englishmen familiar with the Continent are best acquainted does not figure conspicuously in fiction. In fact, they present few distinctive features: their angularities have been smoothed away; they are well-nigh denationalized; they detest republics as they delight in French cookery; not a few of them have very nearly got rid of their native accent; they are sociable, hospitable, and superficially refined. And our introduction to that bright bird of passage, the volatile Miss Evers, naturally suggests a return to the society of which she was undoubtedly a brilliant ornament. We find an admirable and entertaining guide to the very miscellaneous society of New York in "A Gentleman of Leisure," by Mr. Fawcett. The gentleman of leisure forms a connecting link between the civilizations of the Old and the New Worlds. Mr. Clinton Wainwright, an Anglicized American, has crossed the Atlantic on urgent business. He expects to be a little amused and intensely bored. His first encounter in New York is with Mr. Townsend Spring, a bustling stock-jobber of boisterous manners, who freely backs his luck, and lives extravagantly on principle. Wainwright had made the gentleman's acquaintance in Switzerland, where Spring had jarred with the poetry of the Alps and the glaciers. In New York he still considers him "quite a dreadful creature," but sadly admits that he is in happy "harmony with the raw smartness of an American thoroughfare." For Wainwright is prepared

to shudder or to sneer at everything American. The story of his experiences is characteristically told so as vividly to bring out his first impressions. Nothing short of what he sees and hears all around him would have overcome his prepossessions and converted the cynic. But his slumbering patriotism is stirred into life by the spirit of opposition when he finds his prejudices given expression to with grotesque exaggeration. He had expected to meet adventurers like Spring, who live on the chances of the morrow's speculations, who relieve the hours of business with coarse dissipation, and who naturally could have no ideas in common with him. They irritate him, they disgust him; but he accepts them with resignation. The men he cannot away with are those who ape European manners; who, after all, are ludicrous travesties of the people on whom they industriously model themselves; who in their supercilious self-satisfaction are absurdly unconscious of the ridicule their affectations provoke from the initiated; and who apparently hold it a point of honor to close their eyes to all that makes the grandeur of their country. Wainwright is as much alive as anybody can be to the follies bred of ignorance and ostentation; shocks and surprises await him at every turn in the course of his "travels in town" from clubs to hotels, from dinners to dances: there are few of the men and women of fashion whom he does not judge severely and unfavorably. Yet the truth is forced upon him, that there are many sterling people among those who are most likely to elude observation. He is drawn into love with a pure-minded young girl in spite of her highly undeniable connections, and he finally arrives at the conclusion, which at first would have appeared extravagant, that it may be possible to live happily under the star-spangled flag.

He is fortunate in finding a guide and philosopher in a Mr. Binghampton, who knows everybody and goes everywhere. Binghampton is a half-Americanized Englishman who gets a living by writing for the newspapers, and who amuses his leisure with the study of human nature. And Mr. Binghampton's incisive remarks come in as a running commentary, which is the chorus to the incidents in this transatlantic drama. Launching out on the life of New York at a great dinner given by his banker, Wainwright discovers that there is a fastidious American aristocracy, as vain of illustrious descent as any Spanish grandee of his *sangre azul*. Not that

the pristine purity of the idea does not begin to get a little mixed; Bodenstein, the self-made host, of doubtful nationality, had married a long-descended Dutchwoman, with the approval of the lady's connections, who are gathered around his sumptuous board. Wainwright finds himself seated next a certain Miss Spuytenduyvil, and she enlightens and startles him with the unexpectedness of her remarks. She makes it clear to him that there are characters who are not commonplace. Knowing more of his pedigree than he does himself, she treats him at once as an equal, and is flatteringly frank. She almost angrily disputes the unwelcome truth, that wealth has become almost omnipotent in New York city. She argues with feminine logic that, if it is all-powerful, at all events it ought not to be so; though her presence at the table of her relative and hostess rather clashes with her theory. And catching at some observation of her companion's, she says:

Oh, now you are sneering at this country. Well, you will be in the fashion there. So many people do it. For my part, I *never* do it. I am too proud of having ancestors who have helped to make the country what it is.

Binghampton explains that Miss Spuytenduyvil is the poor relation of a great family.

"It seems rather strange," said Wainwright, "to hear of a great American family."

"But they exist, I assure you. Not politically great as in Europe, of course. The Amsterdams have no seat in any House of Peers, but they are a great and powerful race notwithstanding. They go straight back through the Revolution to the time when New York was a Dutch village. And every day this influence of family becomes a stronger force here. New people with big fortunes and no descent look with envious eyes at certain doors that remain coldly closed against them. . . . The American social scheme, in nearly all its chief cities at least, is often a most amusing satire upon itself. All the people whom you've met to-night think quite as much of their 'positions' (judged relatively of course) as the haughtiest *vieille noblesse* in Europe."

The first gentleman presented to the new arrival is Mr. Carroll Gansevoort. From Mr. Gansevoort's patronymic we might infer that he too was an offshoot of a family tree transplanted centuries before from the soil of the Netherlands. But if so, he was very different from Miss Spuytenduyvil; like old Mr. Weller, "he took no pride out of it," and probably regarded his name as an unmitigated misfortune. He is an Anglo-maniac. At first sight he

is exceedingly like an Englishman, although it strikes Wainwright on second thoughts that he is too palpably a spurious imitation. Unlike Miss Spuytenduyvil, too, there is nothing in any way original about him; but on one point he has very decided opinions, and he courteously addresses Wainwright with what he means for a gratifying speech: "England's such an enormously jolly place. This country is a beastly hole in comparison. I've no doubt you think so already, don't you, now?" Wainwright meets Gansevoort continually, and, notwithstanding his contempt, comes to dislike him more and more. Moreover, Gansevoort represents a class, and a large class, of rich and brainless youths, who devote themselves to tailors and horseflesh; who will talk of nothing but teams, trotters, and matches, and even profess to be *blasé* upon balls. Finally, in an unguarded moment, such a remark as he has heard many times before, provokes Wainwright to give Gansevoort a piece of his mind, at the risk of having to answer for it on the field of honor. At the Metropolitan Club, Gansevoort had remarked of an evening party, with the silent assent of a circle of listeners, "I thought the whole affair very vulgar. It is difficult to tell just what it lacked, but it was" (here the speaker paused in his even drawl and looked directly at Wainwright)—"well, I can't say worse than to call it horridly American." It is significant that such a remark should be supposed to pass unchallenged in a gathering of Americans. Mr. Binghampton had been discussing that class of gay young gentlemen when showing his friend for the first time over the club premises. "It is a class that is fast increasing," he says. "It reads even far less than the fathers who have been toiling to give it its broughams and drags. It takes no interest in public affairs." And yet, as Wainwright muses aloud, "these are the men who call themselves our best. It is all very strange to me." Binghampton wonders at his companion's wonder. "What did you expect to find?" he asked; "not surely an America full of Americans." When their talk is interrupted by a suggestive little incident, Wainwright abstractedly takes down a book from a shelf in the library. The cover comes off in his hands, and some of the leaves fall fluttering to the carpet.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Wainwright, "what mischief have I been committing?"

"Oh! don't bother about it. That's the

British Peerage. I happen to know that the club has ordered a new one."

A curious look crossed Wainwright's face. He had set his eyes quite fixedly upon Mr. Binghampton. "I thought you told me that they didn't read," he said.

"Oh, bless my soul, they read the Peerage. Why we wear out a new one every year or so at the Metropolitan."

Before taking leave of the "Gentleman of Leisure," we must quote some remarks of Mr. Binghampton, on the occasion of his accompanying Wainwright to an "at home," given in an antiquated mansion, with uncomfortable old-fashioned furniture, in the Faubourg St. Germain of New York. The entertainment is exceptional, and celebrates a family event: nothing can be duller or more formal; there are no flowers, but meagre fare, and no costly presents to be distributed at "the German," which is American for the French *cotillon*. Yet all "the nabobs" fortunate enough to be invited flock to it through unfamiliar thoroughfares. Binghampton, preparing Wainwright for what he may expect, talks glibly of "people" as opposed to "aristocracy," and of "the imperious creeds of caste and pride aired in those perfumed rooms." Wainwright exclaims against such words, when uttered under transatlantic skies.

My dear Wainwright, if a man wants to see social distinctions expressed in their most aggravated form, let him come to America to find them. . . . You are even more British than I at first suspected you. You have never moved in those gayer ranks of English society, where Americans find such easy ingress. Had you done so, you must have seen, long before coming to these shores, how Americans strive and push while in London to gain the heed of titled leaders, how often they succeed, and how both their efforts and their successes prove the absurdly unrepublican spirit which tradition has accredited them with. . . . Nothing on earth is easier than for any sort of American, provided he have money and a decent personality, to get himself recognized in England. . . . Miss Smith, of Topeka, can go to London and be received, if she possess wit, wealth, and good looks. Let her come to New York, and she might languish for years before she got a card to the Bodensteins'—or the Grosvenors', where we are now going.

Let it be remembered that these remarks, though put in the mouth of an Englishman, are really the ideas of an American novelist, who is evidently familiar with the society he is describing. And neither the much-abused Mrs. Trollope, nor Dickens in his "Martin Chuzzlewit" or "American Notes," ever wrote

anything more satirical about Americans than we find in every chapter — we might say, on every page — of the livelier works by native authors. In the "Gentleman of Leisure" we have seen Mr. Fawcett's pictures of the gayest of the golden youth of New York. "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," by Robert Grant, presents us to the fashionable young ladies to whom those self-satisfied admirers should pay their court, were they not preoccupied by graver matters. Although we find, indeed, that it is the fashion for wealthy married men to relieve young bachelors of their social duties; and the system seems to work pleasantly for all parties — and safely too, which is much to the credit of the girls. Mr. Grant's heroine is Miss Alice Van Rooster Palmer: she, too, belongs by birth to a superior caste, her father's family being one of the most ancient in New York City, and her mother a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers. So that if the flowers of speech which fall from her rosy lips sometimes surprise us, we may nevertheless assume that they are strictly correct. We are introduced to the fair Alice on the evening of her first ball, when naturally she is all excitement and agitation. Her education would appear to have been rather calculated to form a blue-stocking than a butterfly. But on that point we are speedily reassured, and we find that the instruction she received "in English, French, German, and Italian; physics, Latin, botany, art, geology, astronomy, and metaphysics," has only gone in at one pretty ear to pass out at the other. She has never enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel, and she ought to be entirely unsophisticated. But her manner has been formed if her mind has not; and when her nerves have recovered from their first flutter in the ball-room, she is ready for any compliments or eventuality, and only needs experience to be a finished woman of the world. In the mean time, being "a bud," which is the American for a blushing *débutante*, she can boast of but three bouquets. Later, when she has become the rage, she might count upon a barrowful, if she gave her innumerable admirers sufficient encouragement. We need not say that that first evening is a brilliant success; the blushes which are unfamiliar ornaments in a New York ball-room become her wonderfully. Three gentlemen specially attach themselves to her. One is Mr. Manhattan Blake, a dyspeptic-looking individual of ample means and self-possessed manners, who

had pressed the claims of previous acquaintance by presenting one of the bouquets. Another is Mr. Murray Hill, a young professional man of good family with the world before him; and although the finish of his dress leaves something to desire, she is destined to know much more of him in the future. The third is the sparkling Mr. Gerald Pumystone, irreplicable in person, in style, and in costume, and who embellishes his airs and graces with the affectation of couching his compliments in questionable French. The *petits soins* of Mr. Pumystone, as he might have said himself, give any girl a *cachet*. He is the dream of daughters and the delight of their chaperons: on this occasion his devotion to the wealthy Miss Palmer is unmistakable; her highly-flattered mother falls straightway in love with him, and he might have been encouraged to throw the handkerchief at once, had the "frivolous" Alice been equally impressionable.

But Alice, who is having "a heavenly time of it," is in no haste to be married.

I am perfectly at home [she writes in her diary]. I have everything in the world that I desire. Some of the girls talk of the delights of "settling down," but they are apt to be girls with only one string to their bow. I'm sure I don't care to settle down. The idea has no charms for my imagination. On the contrary, it is positively repulsive to me.

And what strikes us in all these fashionable novels is the absence of anything like sentiment in the heroine. She regards marriage as woman's destiny; she expects to make an eligible match; but she is never on the outlook for the possible husband a romantic fancy might idealize. Sometimes, no doubt, she falls in love; for, after all, she is human; as a rule, however, she only falls back upon matrimony when she has exhausted more sensational forms of emotion. Not that she has not had opportunities enough, and possibly her parents and guardians can leave her the more entirely her own mistress, that they know she is essentially cold, and consequently may be absolutely trusted. A very few days after the memorable ball, Alice notes casually in her confessions that she had gone for a walk with Mr. Blake. "We chose a street rather out of the beaten track, and had a most delightful discussion as to whether it was nicer to love or to be loved." But there was no "rushing together of the spirits" in consequence; and for anything that came of it the pair might have been discussing the point before a mixed

au
et
je

he
ma
we
ha
tha
Pe
Gu
wi
to
Eu
her
act
cei
like
the

Y
my
the
the
peri
the
diffi
from
of
It d

And
ordo
sho
istic
mus
can
Alice
less
she
ety
"co
she
She
a ba
extr
mon
she

"p
anted
woul
Gera
fit hi
oblig
rema
ways
upon
over
woul
societ
"Tru
doesn

Aff
stavi

audience in a metaphysical debating society. Indeed, Mr. Blake changes the subject to scepticism *versus* Christianity.

And the American maiden may form her female friendships also, without any maternal interference. In all New York we should suppose Alice could scarcely have hit upon less eligible acquaintances than Mrs. Gatling Gunn and her sister Peepy Marshmallow. Even although Mr. Gunn did find a fortune in a *bonanza*, his wife's birth would have been an objection to her reception in the best circles in European cities, for it was rumored that her father was a rag-picker, and he had actually been a butcher. We may conceive what such a woman's teaching is likely to be, and she spares no pains in the training of Alice.

You strike me as too innocent, or say rather, my dear, too *ingénue*. The modest blush and the downcast eye become a girl charmingly for the first two weeks of her career, but after that period they are simply *gaucheries*. To affect the *ingénue* is quite another matter, and as different from what I refer to as champagne is from seltzer. As to its efficacy, tastes differ of course. Individually, I never practise it. It doesn't suit my style of beauty.

And Mrs. Gunn goes on to explain that in order to have what any well-regulated girl should aspire to, and what she characteristically calls a screaming success, "she must, in figurative language, dance the cancan, and dance it well too." To do Alice justice, though she listens to such lessons, she does not lay them to heart as she might, and even after mixing in society with the Marshmallows, there is still "considerable" of the lady in her, though she does use quaint-sounding phrases. She speaks, for example, of rotating round a ball-room; and here are some elegant extracts from her musings over matrimony, which show, moreover, the view she takes of its responsibilities.

"Remember, Alice, that the Pumystones antedate Noah, and that for the future you would never have to inquire the price of things. Gerald is a very nice young man. His clothes fit him to perfection. You would not be obliged to see very much of him. He looks remarkably well in public, and you could always feel sure of his doing the correct thing upon a social emergency. . . . You could skip over to Europe whenever you wished. Mamma would be pleased as Punch. You could 'run' society, and life would be as soft as sealskin." "True," would be my mournful reply, "but he doesn't amount to a row of pins."

After refusing sundry proposals, and staving off others by ingenious tactics,

which reduce admirers to despair who were growing too ardent, Alice ends by accepting the constant Mr. Hill, and marrying respectably and happily. It is true that much of the bloom must have been rubbed off the bud by a course of frivolity which wearied and disillusioned her, and drew her finally, by way of distraction, to the practice of works of charity. On the whole, however, Alice came off well; but that individual instance does not affect his general principle. If we are to believe the book, thanks to the American social system, she had a series of wonderful escapes from ill-considered matches, any one of which must have ended in misery, unless misery had been mitigated by mutual indifference.

So much for society as reflected in what may be called the social novels; but perhaps the most remarkable book of the kind which has recently appeared in America is "Democracy." Unquestionably it is the most sensational, and its distinctive feature is that the sensation takes the form of startling political revelations. It is decidedly clever, but considering the nature of those revelations, we can understand the author renouncing any credit for it, and electing to publish anonymously. In fact, he has drawn up a most damaging impeachment of the machinery of the constitution under which he lives, and of the institutions which are the proud boast of his country. Some of his trenchant portraits bear an awkward resemblance to celebrities in the highest ranks of politics and diplomacy; the scandals with which he illustrates successful careers, although they may be fictitious as far as his special instances are concerned, wear a very ugly air of probability, since they fall in harmoniously with the system he describes; while, so far as we know, this widely circulated book has never provoked authoritative contradiction. The plot is slight, and is founded on the familiar idea of an enthusiastic optimist, who fondly believes in transparent shams and deceptive appearances, but who is disillusioned by the melancholy teachings of experience. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee is a young and lovely widow, *blasée* of all that ought to make her life agreeable. She is sick of the pleasures of society at home, and she has ceased to find relief in foreign travel. With her nominal headquarters in New York, she asks herself, "What was it all worth, this wilderness of men and women as monotonous as the brown houses they lived in?" She is to the full as bitter

against the acquaintances from Baltimore or Boston who urge their claims to her consideration or reverence. "You are just like the rest of us," she tells them impatiently. "You grow six inches high, and then you stop. Why will not somebody grow to be a tree and cast a shadow?" Her heart has been steeled by domestic bereavements and disappointments against every-day flirtations, or even a passionate attachment. Yet there are indefinite yearnings in it which leave her little peace, and she still has a hope that there may be something worth living for. She might possibly find an object that was worth a sacrifice, and where is she more likely to find it than in the centre of political life? She fancies that she has ceased to care for men, except in so far as they represent power or principles. But "what she wanted to see, she thought, was the clash of interests, the interests of forty millions of people and a whole continent, centring at Washington, guided, restrained, controlled, or unrestrained and uncontrollable by men of ordinary mould; the tremendous forces of government and the machinery of society at work."

The fervent Mrs. Lee goes to Washington accordingly, with a bewitching but more practically-minded unmarried sister for her companion. She rents a mansion in Lafayette Square, turns its dull interior on the shortest notice into a variegated art-museum, and throws open her hospitable doors to politicians of any pretensions. We may remark, by the way, as characteristically American, the position attributed to this fascinating widow. Socially, as we are assured, she had nothing to sigh for. "What did she want? Not social position, for she herself was an eminently respectable Philadelphian by birth; her father a famous clergyman, and her husband had been equally irreproachable." Yet no sooner does this "respectable" Philadelphian, with a charming grace, good style, agreeable manners, and an ample income, appear upon the scene in the political capital, than she steps at once into her place as a queen of the salons, who may pick her company and indulge her caprices as she pleases. But, indeed, the explanation is easy enough, if we may judge by the subsequent story. In the country of the blind the one-eyed is king, and there would appear to be a strange scarcity of ladies of any kind at Washington. Only a few of the wealthier senators and members of Congress bring their wives and daughters on flying

visits, and as for the consort of the president, she was — what we shall see later. In any case Mrs. Lee has a fair field for gratifying her ardent aspirations, and she is speedily brought into contact with what Artemus Ward might have called her probable affinity. Among the fathers of her country to whom she is presented, no one, not even excepting the new president, is so remarkable as the Honorable Silas P. Ratcliffe, senator for the State of Illinois. Ratcliffe is perhaps the most prominent statesman in the country, the most influential of its wire-pullers, and a master of intrigue. Being a man from whose patronage everything is to be hoped, he has an obsequious following of zealous supporters. He had missed the presidency at the late election, chiefly from the jealousies his power had provoked; and now he is at Washington in an attitude of sullen expectation — a transatlantic Earl of Warwick, a democratic minister-maker, an impalpable yet irresistible power which overshadows the presidential tribune. Like most popular favorites or notoriety, Ratcliffe has his familiar and endearing appellations. As the new president is the "Hoosier Quarryman," or "Old Granite," Ratcliffe is known as the "Prairie Giant of Peoria." The "huge, ponderous, grey-eyed, bold senator, with the Websterian head," is hardly the man to strike the imagination of a young and handsome woman. His habits of life were scarcely calculated to smooth down the roughness of his early training.

He was a Western widower of fifty; his quarters in Washington were in gaunt boarding-house rooms, furnished only with public documents and enlivened by Western politicians and office-seekers. In the summer he retired to a solitary white frame-house with green blinds, surrounded by a few feet of uncared-for grass and a white fence; its interior more dreary still, with iron stoves, oilcloth carpets, cold white walls, and one large engraving of Abraham Lincoln in the parlor: all in Peoria, Illinois.

Of education in the broader sense he had none: he had as little time to spare for books as for the cultivation of the graces. Mrs. Lee's lively fancy scarcely transformed him; but her impressions, as confirmed by slight acquaintance, were mixed and in a measure mistaken. She took him as she found him; she scarcely liked him the less for his roughness; it gave her an idea of irresistible strength. She confounded his outspoken bluntness with innate honesty, and was inclined to give him credit for the single-minded

motives he professed. But what chiefly induced her to practise her fascinations on him was, that for her as for the place-hunters, he had much in his gift. He could satisfy beyond her hopes the yearnings which had brought her to Washington; and not only give her the clue to the secrets she had come in search of, but actually discover to her the machinery he directed.

To her eyes he was the high-priest of American politics; he was charged with the meaning of the mysteries, the clue to political hieroglyphics. Through him she hoped to sound the depths of statesmanship, and to bring up from its oozy bed that pearl of which she was in search; the mysterious gem which must lie somewhere in politics. She wanted to understand this man; to turn him inside out; to experiment on him, and use him as young physiologists use frogs and kittens. If there was good or bad in him, she meant to find out its meaning.

To play the Delilah to his Machiavelian Samson was an idea worthy of Mrs. Lee's courage and self-confidence; and her life, as well it may, has at once a new interest. Yet the game that is to come off is by no means so unequal as at first sight it might have appeared. A European statesman of fifty in Ratcliffe's position would have learned to know something of women as well as men, and could have kept his feelings well under command. But on ground he has never been accustomed to tread, Ratcliffe's astuteness forsakes him; and when the fair widow first makes his acquaintance at a dinner party, she sees he is ready to swallow the most fulsome compliments. He is insensibly flattered by the deference she shows him, and by her marked preference for his company. He feels that the companionship and friendship of such a woman would give grace to existence which he had never dreamed of. Seated in the aesthetically furnished "parlor," with its Eastern tapestries and feminine knick-knacks, the gaunt boarding-room and the grim frame-house in Peoria become positively hateful to him; he appreciates besides the solid advantage of becoming master of Mrs. Lee's handsome fortune; and finally, such finer feelings as he has are touched, and Ratcliffe has the weakness to fall hopelessly in love. At the same time he rarely loses his head, and he has the shrewdness to recognize the only strategy by which he may woo Mrs. Lee to his wishes. He cannot expect that she will love him for himself, but she may be induced to sacrifice herself to him on the

shrine of her country. He can tempt her with the offer of inspiring his public conduct, and becoming the Egeria who may purify American politics. Looking at matters in that light, it is his game to be candid and to confess the universal taint of political corruption, while insisting that for himself he has been driven by his destiny, and is the reluctant victim of irresistible circumstances. The misfortune is, that being profoundly unscrupulous and immoral, he never knows precisely how to pose. He sometimes carries his confidences too far; the cynicism of his avowals shocks the lady; and the audacity that at one moment seems almost sublime, strikes her at another as intolerably insolent. But, to do his astuteness justice, his hand is occasionally forced. Political opponents, as rivals in the lady's favor, will, from motives which are more or less disinterested, bring the most damaging indictments against him; and then he can only stand upon his defence and eke out audacity with sophistry.

Ratcliffe was afraid of no one. He had not fought his own way in life for nothing, and he knew all the value of a cool head and dogged self-assurance. Nothing but this robust Americanism and his strong will carried him safely through the snares and pitfalls of Mrs. Lee's society, where rivals and enemies beset him on every hand. He was little better than a schoolboy when he ventured on their ground, but when he could draw them out upon his own territory of practical life, he rarely failed to trample upon his assailants. . . . At times the man's audacity was startling, and even when Carrington thought him hopelessly entangled, he would sweep away all the hunters' nets with a sheer effort of strength, and walk off bolder and more dangerous than ever.

We may add, as a finishing touch to his character, that he made a point of regularly attending divine service, where he sat with his eyes riveted on the preacher, and his mind abstracted from the sermon. For "a large number of his constituents were church-going people, and he would not willingly shock their principles, so long as he needed their votes." In short, we have the leading politician in one of the great parties in the States represented as utterly destitute of the faculty of distinguishing between good and evil. Had he possessed it, it might not have influenced his actions, but it would have served him with Mrs. Lee in evading their consequences. And he is respected by the friends who work indefatigably for him, because they know him to be at least as unscrupulous as he is able. He is no

hypocrite either to them or to the initiated; while the eloquent "bunkum" of his speeches is the indispensable tribute to the moral sense of the most high-toned constituencies in creation.

Mrs. Lee's parlor becomes the centre of social *réunions*, the frequenters of which are rather select than numerous. They are either diplomatists or representative politicians. There is Lord Skye, the British minister, who was extremely popular in Washington. He had rank, wealth, and tact: he was a professed admirer of the American ladies, whom he flattered by occasionally quizzing the peculiarities of his own countrywomen; and the citizens of the republic liked the nobleman none the worse, that they knew him for a ruthless critic of their manners. Of a very different stamp was old Baron Jacobi, the Bulgarian representative, "a witty, cynical, broken-down Parisian *roué*, kept in Washington for years past by his debts and his salary; . . . he believed in everything that was perverse and wicked, but he accepted the prejudices of Anglo-Saxon society, and was too clever to obtrude his opinions upon others." Yet although the cloven foot would constantly peep out, and no one could believe either in his principles or his morals, in his way the baron was as much in favor with the fair sex as the honorable and hospitable Lord Skye. Clear-sighted and venomously satirical when he pleased, he saw nearly to the bottom of Ratcliffe and his schemes, who returned the baron's hatred with interest. So that we are indebted to Jacobi's calculating malice for much of our knowledge of the worst side of the senator's nature. We may take the native Americans who dance attendance on Mrs. Lee to represent the best class of senators or members of Congress. They are men of fortune and of some education, and ought to be independent of place or intrigue. There is Mr. Carrington, who, by the way, has no seat in either House, a lawyer of forty, and both honest and high-principled, and consequently, as we are uncharitable enough to assume, his professional career has been a failure. Unquestionably his abilities entitled him to success, and, moreover, though perhaps unfortunately for him, he has the manners and feelings of a gentleman. Mr. Schuyler Clinton, the senator from New York, notwithstanding the importance of the constituency he represents, is politically insignificant though personally popular. Like Lord Skye, "he had a marked regard for pretty women," and "had made

love to every girl with any pretensions to beauty that had appeared in the State of New York for nearly half a century."

A very different visitor was Mr. C. C. Trench, a young member of Congress from Connecticut, who aspired to act the part of the educated gentleman in politics, and to purify the public tone. He had reform principles and an unfortunately conceited manner; he was rather wealthy, rather clever, rather well educated, rather honest, rather vulgar. His allegiance was divided between Mrs. Lee and her sister, whom he infuriated by addressing as "Miss Sybil" with patronizing familiarity. He was particularly strong in what he called "badinage," and his playful but ungainly attempts at wit drove Mrs. Lee beyond the bounds of patience. When in a solemn mood, he talked as though he were practising for the ear of a college debating society, and with a still worse effect on the patience; but with all this he was useful, always bubbling with the latest political gossip, and deeply interested in the fate of party stakes.

Quite another sort of person was Mr. Hartbeest Schneidekoupon, a citizen of Philadelphia, though commonly resident in New York, where he had fallen a victim to Sybil's charms, and made efforts to win her young affections by instructing her in the mysteries of currency and protection, to both which subjects he was devoted. To forward these two interests and to watch over Miss Ross's welfare, he made periodical visits to Washington, where he closeted himself with committee-men and gave expensive dinners to members of Congress. Mr. Schneidekoupon was rich, and about thirty years old, tall and thin, with bright eyes and smooth face, elaborate manners and much loquacity. He had the reputation of turning rapid intellectual somersaults, partly to amuse himself and partly to startle society. At one moment he was artistic, and discoursed scientifically about his own paintings; at another he was literary, and wrote a book on "Noble Living" with a humanitarian purpose; at another he was devoted to sport, rode a steeplechase, played polo, and set up a four-in-hand: his last occupation was to establish in Philadelphia the *Protective Review*, a periodical in the interests of the American industry, as a stepping-stone to Congress, the Cabinet, and the presidency. At about the same time he bought a yacht, and heavy bets were pending among his sporting friends whether he would manage to sink first his review or his yacht.

A much higher type of character was Mr. Nathan Gore, of Massachusetts, a handsome man with a gray beard, a straight, sharply-cut nose, and a fine, penetrating eye; in his youth a successful poet, whose satires made a noise in their day, and are still remembered for the pungency and wit of a few verses; then a deep student in Europe for many years, until his German history of "Spain in America," placed him instantly at the head of American historians, and made him minister at Madrid, where

he remained four years to his entire satisfaction, this being the nearest approach to a patent of nobility and a government pension which the American citizen can attain. A change of administration had reduced him to private life again, and after some years of retirement he was seen in Washington, willing to be restored to his old mission. Every president thinks it respectable to have at least one literary man in his pay, and Mr. Gore's prospects were fair for obtaining his object, as he had the active support of a majority of the Massachusetts delegation. He was abominably selfish, colossally egoistic, and not a little vain; but he was shrewd; he knew how to hold his tongue; he could flatter dexterously, and he had learned to eschew satire. Only in confidence and among friends he would still talk freely, but Mrs. Lee was not yet on those terms with him.

The sketch of Mr. Gore is apparently intended to be recognized; at all events, it strikes us as unpleasantly personal. But although the gentleman who sat for it would have been a welcome guest in any company on the showing of the satirical author of "Democracy," even he in running his candidature for the Spanish mission, stoops to toady the omnipotent Ratcliffe. Mr. Gore, with his historical training and his acquaintance with foreign courts and countries, was as well qualified as any living American to pronounce on the political institutions under which he lived. When Mrs. Lee is on such terms that she can venture on liberties with him, she presses him, with indifferent taste, for an opinion on the point. She demands bluntly, "Do you yourself think democracy the best government, and universal suffrage a success?"

Mr. Gore saw himself pinned to the wall, and he turned to bay with almost the energy of despair.

There are matters about which I rarely talk in society; they are like the doctrine of a personal God; of a future life; of revealed religion; subjects which are naturally reserved for private reflection. But since you ask for my political creed, you shall have it. I only condition that it shall be for you alone, never to be repeated or quoted as mine. I believe in democracy. I accept it. I will faithfully serve and defend it. I believe in it because it appears to me the inevitable consequence of what has gone before it. Democracy asserts the fact that the masses are now raised to a higher level than formerly. All our civilization aims at this mark. We want to do what we can to help it. I myself want to see the result. I grant that it is an experiment, but it is the only direction society can take that is worth its taking; the only conception of its duty large enough to satisfy its instincts is the only result that is worth an effort or a risk.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIX. 2002

Every other possible step is backward, and I do not care to repeat the past. I am glad to see society grapple with issues in which no one can afford to be neutral.

Mr. Gore could of course talk well upon many subjects; but as a rule the *habitudes* of Mrs. Lee's salon appear to be pitifully out of their element, when it comes to circulating the small change of general conversation. Not only the cynical and agreeable Baron Jacobi, but the youngest *attachés* to the foreign missions outshine them, notwithstanding the serious drawbacks of an imperfect knowledge of the language. They not merely listen respectfully to Ratcliffe as a form of flattery, but when he chooses to exert his powers, he monopolizes the conversation by sheer force of the natural talent, which is humorous and original, within a narrow range. He is strong upon his special subjects; all he wants to make him sparkle in these is self-assurance; and his instincts as a bully or an autocrat serve him admirably in a company where he feels that he has everything his own way. At one particular dinner given in his honor, under the auspices of Mrs. Lee, he astonishes even those who ought to have known him best, by his brilliant versatility within certain limits. He "told stories in Yankee and Western dialect; gave sharp little sketches of amusing political experiences. . . . Nay he even rose to a higher flight, and told the story of President Lincoln's death, but with a degree of feeling that brought tears into their eyes." Mr. Gore resigned himself to applauding the orator; but then Mr. Gore might have had an eye on the mission to Madrid. But even the speaker of the House shrinks into silence and insignificance, and "consumed his solitary duck and his lonely champagne in a corner without giving a sign." The honors of the evening would have rested with Ratcliffe, and we should have been content to have thought better of him with the rest of the guests, had not he lowered himself again to his ordinary level by the coarseness of retort in a subsequent encounter. Such vulgar personality would be simply inconceivable with any European statesman of his standing. On a rash impulse, the playful Mr. Trench had tried the heavy artillery of his "badi-naige" on the formidable Peoria giant.

"Are you financier enough, Mr. Trench, to know what are the most famous products of Connecticut?"

Mr. Trench modestly suggested that he thought its statesmen best answered that description.

"No, sir! Even there you're wrong. The showmen beat you on your own ground. But every child in the Union knows that the most famous products of Connecticut are Yankee notions, nutmegs made of wood, and clocks that won't go. Now your Civil Service Reform is just such another Yankee notion; it a wooden nutmeg; it a clock with a show case and sham works. And you know it! You are precisely the old-school Connecticut pedlar."

Ratcliffe was rough enough and ready enough; but there was reason for his feeling remarks on civil service reform to be personal, though he did propose to bring the fascinating widow to his lure by pledging himself to a grand work of regeneration. His enemies have done their best to enlighten her as to the hollowness of his "high-falutin" professions, and his audacity and ingenuity were tasked to the uttermost in explaining away the charges he cannot contradict. His line is to represent himself as a martyr to party who sacrifices his conscience in extremity for the welfare of the State. Here is his frank avowal of a shameless piece of election rascality, subsequently condoned by his admiring constituents of Illinois. We fancy we have not unfrequently heard of similar cases; but if the author of "Democracy" has invented this incident, as he has localized it, then he has very gratuitously maligned one of the leading States of the Union.

In the worst days of the war there was almost a certainty that my State would be carried by the peace party, by fraud, as we thought, although fraud or not, we were bound to save it. Had Illinois been lost then, we should certainly have lost the Presidential Election, and with it probably the Union. At any rate, I believed the fate of the Union to depend on the result. I was then governor, and on me the responsibility rested. We had entire control of the northern counties and of their returns. We ordered the returning officer in a certain number of counties to make no returns until they heard from us, and when we had received the votes of all the southern counties and learned the precise number of votes we needed to give us a majority, we telegraphed to our northern returning officers to make the votes of their districts such and such, thereby overbalancing the adverse return, and giving the State to us. . . . I am not proud of the transaction, but I would do it again, and worse than that, if I thought it would save this country from disunion.

On that occasion the worthy senator's "explanation" silenced Mrs. Lee, if it did not altogether satisfy her. Still dazzled by the fancy of inspiring a contem-

porary Washington, she tries to see sublimity in the robust independence that can set ordinary principle at defiance. But a still more damaging disclosure staggers her, and finally leads on to an open breach, when she was already reconsidering her earlier impressions of Ratcliffe. The second charge brought against him was the vulgar acceptance of a bribe. Briefly, a steamship company had applied to Congress for a subsidy. The manipulation of the affair was entrusted to a well-known lobbyist. There was strong hostility to the bill, and Ratcliffe, as chairman of committee, headed the opposition. The lobbyist reported that unless the chairman were "squared" the bill would never come to a vote, but suggested that things might be managed by judicious corruption. The company opened him a credit. State bonds to the value of a hundred thousand dollars were handed over to Ratcliffe, who thereupon reported in favor of the bill. Ratcliffe admitted the transaction, but denied that he had personally benefited. The success of his party in a presidential election had again been essential to the national welfare. Money was wanted, and must be procured on any terms. The gentlemen who administered the election, or corruption, fund simply appealed to him on public grounds to change his decision as to the subsidy. He asked for no further reasons, but assented. After all, though he had held strong opinions as to the subsidy, it was more than possible he might have been in error. He knew the money had been paid, and had proved invaluable to the party; as for himself, he never touched a dollar of it. But Mrs. Lee's belief in the circumstantial evidence against him is not to be so lightly shaken. She apparently thinks that if he is capable of what he confesses, he will shrink neither from falsehood or perjury.

Unquestionably, Ratcliffe, as he is represented, was an unscrupulous scoundrel—brutal besides, a bully, and overbearing. But we must remember that he was hurried along in spite of himself by partisans, and that no man in his position could enjoy the double luxury of political power and a placid conscience. No chief of an idle and turbulent Scottish clan was ever harder pushed to feed his hungry following. Ratcliffe would often have thought himself happy had he been left to the depressing solitude of those gaunt boarding-house rooms. But they were besieged from early morning far into the small hours by crowds of self-seeking con-

stituents and place-hunters. We have a sadly humorous picture of that grotesque *levée* as it appeared to him one afternoon when he had gone home in low spirits.

He found there, as he had expected, a choice company of friends and admirers, who had beguiled their leisure hours since noon in cursing him in every variety of profane language that experience could suggest and impatience stimulate. On his part, had he consulted his own feelings only, he would then and there have turned them out and locked the doors behind them. So far as silent maledictions were concerned, no profanity of theirs could hold its own against the intensity and deliberation with which, as he found himself approaching his own door, he expressed between his teeth his views in respect to their eternal interests. Nothing could be less suited to his present humor than the society which awaited him in his rooms. He groaned in spirit as he sat down at his writing-table and looked about him. Dozens of office-seekers were besieging the house: men whose patriotic services in the last election called loudly for recognition from a grateful country. They brought their applications to the senator, with an entreaty that he would endorse them and take charge of them. Several members and senators who felt that Ratcliffe had no reason for existence except to fight their battle for patronage, were lounging about his room reading newspapers or beguiling their time with tobacco in various forms; at long intervals making dull remarks, as if they were more weary than their constituents of the atmosphere that surrounds the grandest government the sun ever shone upon. Several newspaper correspondents, eager to barter their views for Ratcliffe's hints or suggestions, appeared from time to time on the scene, and, dropping into a chair by Ratcliffe's desk, whispered with him in mysterious tones.

But if the struggle for supreme power had its ceaseless responsibilities and sufferings, the envied occupant of the presidential chair was by no means enthroned on cushions of rose-leaves. The successful candidate who "flits" from an Indiana homestead to the White House, in the course of the story, had been returned by one of those compromises almost as common in the States as with the Sacred College of cardinals. And the new master of the American millions was even rougher than Ratcliffe, with far less than Ratcliffe's intellect and with very little of his political experience. He came to power holding none of those wires in his hands which were worked all over the Union by Ratcliffe and his confederates. But he came to power with definite, if not very patriotic, purposes, and determined at all events to gratify his party spite by with-

holding office from all who had opposed him. He discovers to his disgust that he is helpless. The wily Ratcliffe, confident in potent alliances, calmly bides his time, and winds his web round the president. And we have the spectacle of a plain and naturally straightforward man compelled to become a timeserver and hypocrite in spite of himself, so that the station he is so ill fitted to fill is not even graced by the dignity of honest manhood. The president had begun life as a stone-cutter, and while shaping and polishing blocks of stone, he had necessarily no time to do as much for himself. His backers, as we have said, fondly christened him the "Stone-cutter of the Wabash," the "Hoosier Quarryman," or "Old Granite." As for his opponents, they eagerly adopted the last designation, merely modifying it into "Old Granny." Having served but a single term as governor of his native State, he had scarcely any political training, and knew nothing of the world beyond Indiana. The stalwart quarryman had been ludicrously caricatured on half the hoardings and hustings in the Union; but it was remarked and remarkable "that the purest and most highly cultivated newspaper editors on his side, without excepting those of Boston itself, agreed with one voice that the stone-cutter was a noble type of man, perhaps the very noblest that had appeared to adorn the country since the incomparable Washington."

Had Mrs. Lee been inclined to take the president at the valuation of the party press, Ratcliffe and his allies would have undeceived her. But, prepared as she was for what she might expect, when curiosity draws her to the first State reception, the shock is too much for her. The quarryman has a wife somewhat beneath himself in breeding, and the wife is *ex officio* the first lady in the Union. Mrs. Lee makes her obeisance before "two seemingly mechanical figures, which might be wood or wax for any sign they showed of life. These two figures were the president and his wife; they stood stiff and awkward by the door, both their faces stripped of every sign of intelligence, while the right hands of both extended themselves to the column of visitors with the mechanical action of toy dolls." And this, she reflects with horror and disgust, is the apex of American society. What a hideous glorification of the position! What a terrible warning to ambition! And the worst of it is that no one appears to be struck as she is; that

nobody will lay the lesson and the warning to heart; that among all this mixed mob of people, whether absurd or respectable, not a soul seems alive to this ludicrous mockery of the monarchical forms they profess to despise. Henceforth, although she may marry Ratcliffe for influence, it is certainly not the position of mistress of the White House that will tempt her; unless, indeed, it should be another condition of her sacrifice, that she shall attempt a reform which is well-nigh impossible. Mrs. Lee had wondered at the president, when at the inauguration ceremonies she had seen "an elderly Western farmer, with silver spectacles, new and glossy evening clothes, bony features, and stiff, thin, grey hair, trying to address the people under the drawbacks of a piercing wind and a cold in his head." But she renounces any further study of the illustrious couple when she has been persuaded to make her obeisance to his lady in private. Mrs. Lee and her sister were received with an air of chilling patronage by a stout and coarse-featured elderly female, whom "she declared she wouldn't engage as a cook." The quarryman's mate responds to the expression of the civil hope that she had found Washington agreeable, with an intimation that it struck her as "awful wicked;" and she pleasantly points the significance of her words by glaring at the graceful toilettes of her visitors. But not being a woman much given to mincing matters, she puts her meaning beyond a doubt by remarking that "she had heard tell people sent to Paris for their gowns, just as though America wasn't good enough to make one's clothes;" and added that she had a promise from "Jacob" of sumptuary legislation on the subject.

Mrs. Lee's political education may be said to be completed as the last of her lingering illusions are dispelled by some side-lights thrown on "lobbying" and the distribution of patronage. The widow of a famous master of lobbying, who appears to have practised the art with as general acceptance as any eminent Parliamentary counsel in England, frankly explains how her husband had earned his commissions.

We had more Congressional business than all the other agents put together. Every one came to us then, to get his bill through, or his appropriation watched. We were hard at work all the time. You see, one can't keep the run of three hundred men without some trouble. My husband used to make lists of them in books with a history of each man, but I carried it all in my head.

"Do you mean that you could get them all to vote as you pleased?" asked Madeleine.

"Well, we got our bills through," replied Mrs. Baker.

"But how did you do it? Did they take bribes?"

"Some of them did. Some of them liked suppers and cards and theatres and all sorts of things. Some of them could be led, and some had to be driven like Paddy's pig, who thought he was going the other way. Some of them had wives who could talk to them, and some — hadn't," said Mrs. Baker, with a queer intonation in her abrupt ending.

As for patronage, Mr. Nathan Gore, deprecating by his manner any attempt at condolences, explains how he had renounced the idea of the Spanish mission. The president did not want his services. In fact, the quarryman had a friend with a claim on the Indianapolis post-office. Circumstances having compelled the party to bestow that appointment elsewhere, the claimant was bought off with the important foreign mission, for which his antecedents had admirably fitted him. Mr. Gore's, although a conspicuous, was by no means an exceptional case. "Removals were fast and furious, until all Indiana became easy in circumstances." No wonder that political contests in America should be keen and embittered, since *væ victis* is the motto of the conquerors; and the fact that it should be so is the best excuse for the scandalous proceedings of distinguished politicians. They are fighting not only for place and power, but to save a host of anxious followers from penury. And knowing that to be the fact, and assuming that one of the shrewdest peoples upon earth has its full share of the frailties of human nature, we see no reason to doubt the substantial truth of this unalluring picture of American politics.

As the slight knowledge we possess of the manners of American society is derived from works of fiction like those we have just passed in review, or from the fugitive observations of foreign travellers, we may as well confess that the impression is an unpleasing one. These sweetmeats leave a bitter taste in the mouth. There is a want of delicacy and sentiment in the characters of these women. There is an absence of generosity and nobility of heart in the men. The class of society in this country which calls itself fashionable is often vulgar and selfish, but here at least it is not the highest or the best. To imitate the follies of such people is still more contemptible; but it is easier

to imitate the follies of fashion than to transplant the qualities of high-breeding into another soil. England is as much as ever the social metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon race. To be presented at the court of Queen Victoria, or to marry the heir to a British title, is still the dream of many a colonial or American maiden. We have therefore something to answer for if the tone of society in those countries is lowered by that which prevails in some conspicuous London circles. But we readily believe that these fictions are satirical, and that the specimens of American manners which sometimes fall under our notice in Europe are exceptional. It would be unjust that English society should be estimated by the productions of Ouida or Miss Braddon, or by the reports of proceedings in our courts of law. It would be equally unjust to condemn the domestic manners of the French on the evidence of the disgusting novels of M. Daudet and his congeners. That which is really strong, refined, estimable, and pure in the manners of a country is not to be found in such works. Like charity it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; but it resides, we doubt not, in America as it does in other countries, in the hearts and homes of a cultivated and warm-hearted people, to which the sensational novelist of the day has no access, and from which even his works are excluded.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XI.

"Do you like him, Nora?"

This is a question that means nothing in most cases, nor would it have meant anything now save for Nora's special sense of having been presented to John Erskine in something like the light of a candidate for his favor.

"I don't think I like him at all," she said, with some petulance. "He looks at us all as if we were natives of an undiscovered country. He is very cautious, not intending to make us proud by too much notice. Oh, it is different with you. You knew him before — you are not one of the barbarous people. As for me, I am jaundiced, I am not a fair judge; because he is determined, whatever happens, that not a single glass bead, not a cawrie or a bangle, or whatever you call them, will he give to me."

"That is not what he means, Nora.

He is a little bewildered. Fancy coming into an entirely new place, which you know nothing about, and realizing all at once that you belong to it, and that here is your place in the world. That happened to us too. I sympathize with him. We felt just the same when we came to Lindores."

"But you were not afraid of the natives, Edith. Young men, however," said Nora, with an air of grave impartiality, "are to be pitied in that way; they think themselves so dreadfully important. If they speak to a girl, they suppose immediately that they may be putting false hopes into her head and making her think — and then that frightens them. Well, it is natural it should frighten them. Suppose that Mr. Erskine, by merely speaking civilly to me, should run the risk of breaking my heart — is not that something to be afraid of? for he is quite *nice*, I am sure, and would not, if he could help it, break any girl's heart."

"You are talking nonsense, Nora. How did you get so much acquaintance with the conceits of young men?"

"I see them through the boys. Jamie and Ned are like a pair of opera-glasses; you can see through them what that kind of creature thinks."

"I am sure," said Edith, with some heat, "Rintoul is not like that."

"Oh, I was not thinking of Lord Rintoul," cried Nora precipitately. She blushed, and Edith observed it, making her own conclusions. And thereupon she on her side had something to say.

"Rintoul, when he was only Robin, was a delightful brother. He never was clever — even I was cleverer than he was; and Carry, of course, was always ever so far above us both. But now that he is Rintoul, he is a little changed. One is fond of him, of course, all the same. But it is different; he has ideas — of money, of getting on in the world, of people making good marriages, and that sort of thing. I think we have had enough of that in our family," Edith added, with a sigh; "but Rintoul has got corrupted. To be heir to anything seems to corrupt people somehow. It is not so very much; but he has got ideas — of what his rank demands — that sort of thing. Because there is a title, he must marry for money. Well, perhaps not quite so broad as that; but he must not marry where there is no money. I cannot put up with it," Edith cried.

And it was true that she could not put up with it. Yet there was a certain in-

tention, too, even in this little outburst. One girl cannot chatter with another without meanings, without secret intimations of dangers in the way. Nora's countenance clouded over, the blush on her cheek grew deeper; but she laughed, putting a little force on herself.

"Is not that quite right? I have always been taught so. Not to marry for money. That is putting it a great deal too broadly, as you say—but only when you are going to marry, that it should not be a penniless person. It is so much better for both parties, mamma always says."

"I wonder if you mean to conform to the rule?" her friend asked, with an impulsive half of mockery, half of curiosity.

"I don't mean to conform to any rule," said Nora. "One has to wait, you know, when one is a girl, till somebody is kind enough to fall in love with one; and then you are allowed to say whether you will have him or no. Don't you remember what Beatrice says? 'It is my cousin's duty to make courtesy and say, "Father, as it please you," only with that little reservation, "Let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy——"'

"It is worse than that," said Edith very gravely. "You say some things are hard upon young men; but oh, how much, much harder upon girls! It is in town that one feels that. There was something, after all, to be said for Carry marrying in the country, without going through the inspection of all these men. If I speak to any one or dance with any one who would be a good match, they will say immediately that mamma has got her eye upon him—that she is trying to catch him for me—that she means to make up a marriage. My mother!" cried Edith, with an inference in the very emphasis with which she uttered the word; "as if she were not more romantic than I am a hundred times, and more intolerant of scheming! The fatal thing is," added the girl, with her serious face, "that, if a crisis should come, mamma would give in. Against her conscience she will try to find reasons for doing what my father wishes, whether it is right or wrong."

"But isn't it a woman's duty to do what her husband wishes?" said Nora. "I have always heard that, too, at home."

These two young women belonged to their period. They considered the subject gravely, willing to be quite impartial; but neither she who suggested that conjugal obedience was a duty, nor she who objected to it in her mother's case, felt

the question to be in the least beyond discussion.

"It is in the Bible," said Edith, "one cannot deny that; still there must be distinctions. A woman who is grown up, and a reasonable creature, cannot obey like a slave. It is still more distinct that a child should obey its parents; but at my age, it is not possible I could just do everything I am told, like a little girl. If papa were to order me to do as poor Carry did, I should not think twice; I should refuse, plainly. If it is wrong, I cannot help it; it could not be so wrong as to obey. I would not do it,—nothing in the world," cried the girl, in her ardor striking her hands together, "would make me do it; and with far more reason a mother should—judge for herself. You will never convince me otherwise," Edith said, holding her head high.

Nora pondered, but made no reply. She had never arrived at any great domestic question on which the rules of her life had been out of accord with her happiness. She had never thought of orders from one or the other of her parents, insisted upon against her will. They had never compelled her to do anything, so far as she could remember. And indeed, cruel parents are little known to the children of the present day. She would not have believed in them but for this great and evident instance of Carry Lindores. The earl was no tyrant either. He had never been known in the character until that temptation came in his way. Had he forced his daughter to compliance? Nobody could say so. He had not locked her in her room, or kept her on bread and water, or dragged her to the altar, according to old formulas. He had insisted, and she had not been strong enough to stand out. Was it not her fault rather than his? Open as a nineteenth-century mind is bound to be to all sides of the question, Nora was not sure that there was not something to be said for the father too—which was a great instance of candor in a representative of youth.

"I do not understand being forced to do anything," she said contemptively. "How is it when you are *forced*? One might yield of one's own will. If I was asked to do anything—I think anything—for the sake of my father and mother, I should do it, whatever it was."

"Almost anything," Edith said, correcting her friend; "but not *that*, for instance—certainly not that."

"I don't know what you mean by *that*," said Nora petulantly; though indeed this

was not exactly true. Both speaker and listener knew that it was not exactly true, and no explanation followed. The girls had been wandering in the woods which covered the sloping bank on the summit of which the castle stood. Its turrets were visible far above them, among the green of the early foliage. The trees were still thinly but brightly clad, the leaves not wholly unclosed, the beeches just loosening their spring finery out of its brown sheath. The river was still some way below. They were seated full in the afternoon sunshine, which was not warm enough to incommode them, upon a knoll covered half with grass, half with moss, through which penetrated here and there the brownness of the twisted roots, and of bits of rock and boulder. All about in the hollows, under every projection, at the root of every tree, nestling in the crevices of the brown banks, and on the edges of the rocks, were clumps of primroses, like scatterings of palest gold. The river made a continuous murmur in the air; the birds were busy overhead in all their sweet afternoon chatter, flitting about from branch to branch, paying their visits, trying over their notes. It was only through a checkered screen of leaves that the sky was visible at all, save in this little opening, where all was light and brightness, the centre of the picture, with these two young figures lending it interest. They were not either of them beauties to make a sensation in a London season, but they were both fair enough to please any simple eye — two fair and perfect human creatures in their bloom, the very quintessence of the race, well-bred, well-mannered, well-educated, well-looking, knowing a little and thinking a little, and perhaps, according to the fashion of the time, believing that they knew less and thought more than was at all the case. Both Edith and Nora despised themselves somewhat for knowing no Latin, much less any Greek. They thought the little accomplishments they possessed entirely trivial, and believed that their education had been shamefully neglected — which was an unnecessary reproach to their parents, who had done the best they could for the girls, and had transmitted to them at least an open and bright intelligence, which is more pleasant than learning. On the other hand, these young things believed that they had inspirations unknown to their seniors, and had worked out unaided many problems unsolved by their fathers and mothers — which perhaps was also a

mistaken view. They liked to raise little questions of delicate morality, and to feel that there were more things in heaven and earth than had been thought of in any previous philosophy. They were a little alike even in appearance; the one a little fairer than the other — not any piquant contrast of blue eyes with brown, after the usual fashion of artistic grouping. They might even have been mistaken for sisters, as they sometimes were — a mistake which pleased them in their enthusiasm for each other.

Both these girls had been affected more or less by the intellectual tastes of poor Lady Caroline, whom they devoutly believed to be a genius, though wanting (as persons of genius are supposed generally to be) in some ordinary qualities which would have been good for her. Their speculations, their loves and likings, especially in the matter of books, were more or less moulded by her; and they copied out her verses, and thought them poetry. Perhaps in this respect Nora, who was the more intellectual, was at the same time the less independent of the two. Edith was in all things the representative of the positive, as they were all fond of saying — the realist, the practical person. Such was the pretty *argot* of this thoughtful circle. But on the whole, as they sat there together musing and talking as became their visionary age, the eye could not have lighted upon, nor the heart been satisfied with, any spectacle more pleasant than that of these two slim and simple girls exchanging their thoughts in the temperate spring sunshine, among the spring buds and flowers. A little silence had fallen upon them: they were sitting idly together, each one following out her own thoughts — thoughts which bore somehow, who could doubt, upon the opening life before them, and were more than mere thinkings, dreams, and anticipations all in one — when suddenly there drifted across their path a very simple, very ordinary embodiment of fate, yet distinctly such, a young man in fishing costume, with his basket over his shoulder, coming towards them by the winding path from the river. The sound of his step in the silence of the woods — which were not silent at all, yet thrilled to the first human sound, as if all the rest of creation were not worth reckoning — caught their attention at once. They saw him before he was aware of their presence, and recognized him with a slight sensation. It is to be doubted whether the sudden apparition of a pretty girl flitting across the

vision of two young men would not have produced a greater emotion for the moment, but it would have been of a different kind. Both Nora and Edith recognized in the approach of the new-comer the coming in of a new influence — a something which, for aught they knew, might be of far more importance in their lives than all the echoes of the woods or influences of the fresh spring skies. The character of the scene changed at once with his appearance. Its tranquillity lessened; it became dramatic, opening up an opportunity for all the complications of life. Nora was the one whom these romantic possibilities affected the most, for she was the most imaginative, seeing a story in everything. Since that morning at Miss Barbara's house in Dunearn, she had withdrawn from the contemplation of John Erskine as in any way capable of affecting herself. For a moment she had been offended and vexed with fate; but that feeling had passed away, and Nora now looked upon him with a philosophical eye with a reference to Edith, not to herself. From all she had ever seen or heard, it did not appear likely to Nora that two girls and a young man could go on meeting familiarly, constantly, as it was inevitable they should do, without something more coming of it than is written in the trivial records of every day. Perhaps young men, being more immediately active agents of their own fate, are less likely to think of the dramatic importance of any chance meeting. John did not think about the future at all, nor had he made any calculation as to what was likely to result from continual meetings. He was pleased, yet half annoyed at the same time, his heart giving a jump when he recognized Edith, but falling again when he saw "that eternal Miss Barrington" beside her. "Am I never to see her by herself?" he muttered half angrily. But next moment he came forward, quickening his pace; and after a little hesitation, to see whether it were permissible, he threw himself at their feet, making the pretty picture perfect.

"Have you caught any fish, Mr. Erskine? But isn't it too bright?"

"I have not been trying to catch any fish. These things," said John, laying down his rod and loosening his basket from his shoulder, "are tributes paid to the genius of the place. I don't want to kill the trout. I dare say they are of more use, and I am sure they have more right to be where they are, than I."

"Who can have a better right than

you?" said Nora, always moved by the idea of the home from which she had felt herself ousted to make room for this languid proprietor. "You are the real owner of the place."

"I am a fish out of water — as yet," said the young man; he added the last words in deference to the eager remonstrances and reproaches which were evidently rushing to their lips.

"You had better come with us to town. Would you be in your element there? Men seem to like that do-nothing life. It is only we girls that are rising up against it. We want something to do."

"And so do I," said John ruefully. "Tell me something. Nobody that I can see wants me here. Old Rolls, perhaps; but his approval is not enough to live for — is it? He would make out a code for me with very little trouble. But imagine a poor fellow stranded in a fresh country — altogether new to me, Miss Barrington, notwithstanding my forefathers — no shooting, no hunting, nothing to do. You may laugh, but what is to become of me — especially when you go away?" he said, turning to Edith, with a little heightening color. This acted sympathetically, and brought a still brighter flush to Edith's face. Nora looked on in a gentle, pensive, grandmotherly sort of way, observing the young people with benignity, and saying to herself that she knew this was how it would be — because it is *not* so suitable, and Lord Lindores will never consent, she added, with a private reflection aside upon the extreme perversity of human affairs.

"No shooting, no hunting, no — Then you will be happy, Mr. Erskine, in September."

"Happier. But I don't want to wait so long. I should prefer to be happy now."

"In the way of amusement, Mr. Erskine means, Edith. That is all boys — I beg your pardon, I was thinking of my brothers — that is all gentlemen mean when they speak of something to do."

"Well — unless I had a trade, and could make shoes or chairs, or something. The people are all too well off, too well educated, to want me. They condescend to me as a foolish individual without information or experience. They tell me my family has always been on *the right side* in politics, with a scornful consciousness that I don't know very well what they mean by the right side. My humble possessions are all in admirable order. There are not even any trees to cut down. What

am I to do? Visit the poor? There are no poor —”

“Oh, Mr. Erskine!” cried both the girls in a breath.

“*I poveri vergognosi*, who require to be known and delicately dealt with, perhaps — fit subjects for your delicate hands, not for mine.”

“If you begin talking of delicate hands, you defeat us altogether; the age of compliments is over,” said Edith, with some heat; while Nora cast a furtive glance at the hands both of herself and her friend. They were both sufficiently worthy of the name — ladies’ hands which had known no labor, neither in themselves nor their progenitors. Edith’s were the better shaped — if the tapering northern fingers are to be considered better than the blunter Greek — but Nora’s the whiter of the two. This reflection was quite irrelevant; yet how much of our thinkings would be silenced if all that was irrelevant was put out of account?

“I meant no compliment. Suppose that I were to go into the nearest village and offer charity — that would be my brutal way of proceeding. What would they do to me, do you think? Pitch me into the river! tar and feather me! No; if there is anything to be done in that way, it must be done with knowledge. It is in vain you mock me with reproaches for doing nothing — I am a man out of work.”

“So long as they do not ask for money,” said Nora demurely, “mamma says every man should be helped to get work. And then we ask, what is his trade?”

“Ah! that is the question, — if the wretch hasn’t got one?”

“It is very difficult in that case. Then he must take to helping in the garden, or harvest-work, or — I don’t know — hanging on (but that is so very bad for them) about the house.”

“Clearly, that is what I am most fit for. Do you remember how you used to engage me reading aloud? They all made sketches except myself, Miss Barrington. Beaufort — do you recollect what capital drawings he made? And I read — there’s no telling how many Tauchnitz volumes I got through; and then the discussions upon them. I wonder if you recollect as well as I do?” said John to Edith, with a great deal of eager light in his eyes.

Nora had a great mind to get up and walk away. She was not at all offended, nor did she feel left out, as might have happened. But she said to herself, calmly, that it was a pity to spoil sport, and

that she was not wanted the least in the world.

“I remember very well; but there are reasons,” said Edith, dropping her voice, and bending a little towards him, “why we don’t talk of that much. Oh, it does not matter to me! but mamma and Car — have a — feeling. Don’t say anything to them of these old times.”

“So long as I may talk of them now and then — to you,” said John, in the same undertone. He was delighted to have this little link of private recollections between them; and the pleasure of it made his eyes and his countenance glow. At this Nora felt actually impelled to do what she had only thought of before. She rose and wandered off from them on pretence of gathering some primroses. “How lovely they are! and nobody sees them. Will you lend me your basket, Mr. Erskine, to carry some home?” She took it up with a smile, bidding them wait for her. She felt gently benignant, protecting, patronizing, like a quite old person. Why should not they have their day? Edith, too, rose hastily, following her friend’s example, as if their easy repose was no longer practicable. She had a sense, half delightful, half alarming, of having suddenly got upon very confidential terms with John Erskine. She rose up, and so did he. But it would have been foolish to copy Nora’s whim and gather primroses, or even to follow her, as if they were afraid of each other. So Edith stood still, and John by her side.

“I cannot forget that summer,” he said, in the same low tone, which was now totally unnecessary, there being nobody at hand to overhear.

“I remember it too,” said Edith softly, “almost better than any other. It was just before — anything happened; when we were so poor. I have my little gray frock still that I used to wear — that I went everywhere in. What expeditions we had — Car and I! I dare say you thought us very wild, very untamed. That was what mamma always used to say.”

“I thought you,” John began hurriedly — then stopped, with a little unsteady laugh. “You might object if I put it into words. It was my first awakening,” he added a moment after, in a still lower tone.

Edith gave him a curious, half-startled glance. She thought the word a strange one. Awakening! What was the meaning of it? But he said no more; and they stood together in the sweet silence, in that confusion of delightful sound which

we call silence, because our human voices and noises have nothing to do with its harmony. There were birds singing, one would have said, on every twig, pouring forth their experiences with a hundred repetitions, flitting from one branch to another telling their several tales. On every side were mysterious depths of shadow, cool hollows, and long withdrawing vistas—a soft background, where nature tenderly looked on and watched, around that centre of life and brightness and reawakening. It was a scene for any painter; the brown banks and spring foliage, all breathing new life; the sunny opening, all full of the warmth of the present sunshine; Nora a pretty attendant figure on the grass among the trees, all flushed with light and shadow, stooping to gather handfuls of primroses, while the others stood diffident, charmed, shy of each other, lingering together. It seemed to John the new world in which all life begins again; but to Edith it was only a confusing, bewildering, alarming sort of fairy land, which all her instincts taught her it was right to flee from. "Look at Nora with her basket full," she cried hurriedly, "and we doing nothing! Let us go and help her."

CHAPTER XII.

It was a rainy morning when the Lindores went away. They were not rich enough to command all the delights of the London season, and had no house in town, nor any position to keep up which demanded their presence. The Earls of Lindores were merely Scotch lords. They had no place in Parliament, no importance in the realm. Hitherto a succession of unobtrusive but proud country gentlemen, not fond of appearing where their claims were not fully recognized, had borne the name, and contented themselves with their dignity at home, which no one questioned, if perhaps it was never very reverentially regarded. It was enough to them to make a visit to London now and then, to comment upon the noise and bigness of town, to attend a levee and a drawing-room, and to come home well pleased that they had no need to bind themselves to the chariot-wheels of fashion. The late earl had been entirely of this mind; and the consequence was, that nobody in these busy circles which call themselves society knew anything about the Lindores. But the present bearer of these honors was of a very different intention. It galled him to be so little though he was so much—the representative of a great

race (in his own thinking), and yet nobody, made of no account among his own class. Perhaps Lord Lindores thought all the more of his position that it had not come to him in easy natural succession, but by right of a great family catastrophe, and after his life had been long settled on a different and much humbler basis. It is certain that he had no mind to accept it as his predecessors had done. He meant to vindicate a position for himself, to assert his claim among the best. What he intended in his heart was to turn his old Scotch earldom into a British peerage by hook or crook, and in the mean time to get himself elected a representative peer of Scotland, and attain the paradise of hereditary legislatorship by one means or another. This was his determination, and had been so from the moment when the family honors came to him. In the very afternoon of the solemn day when he heard of the death of his brother, and his own entirely unlooked-for elevation, this is what he resolved upon. He had withdrawn to his own room to be alone—to consider the wonderful revolution which had taken place, and, if he could, to expend a tear upon the three ended lives which had opened up that position to him—when this intention first rose in his mind. As a matter of fact, he had been sad enough. The extinction of these lives, the transference to himself of the honors which, for aught he knew, might be taken from him to-morrow, was too startling to be otherwise than sad. He had retired within himself, he had compelled himself to think of the poor boy Rintoul dead in his bloom, of the heart-broken father who had followed him to the grave, and to represent to himself, with all the details most likely to move the heart, that terrible scene. And he had been satisfied to feel that he was sad,—that the natural wofulness of this spectacle had moved him enough even to counterbalance the tremor and elation of this extraordinary turn of fortune. But his very sadness and overwhelming sense of a visible fate working in the history of his family, gave him an impulse which was not ungenerous. On the instant, even while he solicited the moisture in his eyes to come the length of a tear, the thought leapt into his mind that if he was spared, if he had time to do anything, it should not be merely a Scotch earldom that he would transmit to his son. At last Lindores had come into the possession of one who knew what he wanted, and meant to obtain it. His family, which

had suffered so much, should no longer be pushed aside among the titled nobodies. It should have its weight in the councils of the sovereign and in the history of the kingdom. "The house shall not suffer because I have come to the head of it," he cried. He felt that he could compensate it for the series of misfortunes it had endured, by adding importance and dignity to the name. He made up his mind, then, that when his son succeeded him it should be as a peer of the realm. And it was to this end and with this inspiration that so great a change had come upon him. For this he had set his heart upon making his county a model for every shire in England. To this end he had determined to wrest the seat from the Tory representative, and put in his son in the Liberal interest. A seat so important gained, an influence so great established, what ministry could refuse to the representative of one of the oldest families in the north the distinction which ought to have been his long before?

Nobody suspected the earl's meaning in its fullest extent. Old Miss Barbara Erskine was the only one who had partly divined him; but of all the people who did not understand his intention, the wife of his bosom was the first. To her high mind, finely unsuspicious because so contemptuous of mean motives, this little ambition would perhaps have seemed pettier than it really was; for if nobility is worth having at all, surely it is best to possess all its privileges. And perhaps, had Lady Lindores been less lofty in her ideal, her husband would have been more disposed to open his inmost thoughts to her, and thus correct any smaller tendency. It was this that had made him insist upon Carry's marriage. He wanted to ally himself with the richest and most powerful people within his reach, to strengthen himself in every way, extending the family connection so that he should have every security for success when the moment came for his great *coup*. And he was anxiously alive to every happy chance that might occur for the two of his children who were still to marry—anxious yet critical. He would not have had Rintoul marry a grocer's daughter for her hogsheads, as Miss Barbara said. He would have him, if possible, to marry the daughter of a minister of state, or some other personage of importance. He intended Rintoul to be a popular member of Parliament, a rising man altogether, thinking he could infuse enough of his own energy as well as ambition

into the young man to secure these ends. And this great aim of his was the reason why he underwent the expense of a season, though a short one, in town. He was of opinion that it was important to keep himself and his family in the knowledge of the world, to make it impossible for any fastidious fashionable to say, "Who is Lord Lindores?" The earl, by dint of nursing this plan in his mind, and revealing it to nobody, had come to think it was a great aim.

It was, as we have said, a rainy morning when the family left Lindores. They made the journey from Edinburgh to London by night, as most people do. But before they reached Edinburgh, there was a considerable journey, and those two ferries, of which Rolls had reminded Colonel Barrington. Two great firths to cross, with no small amount of sea when the wind is in the east, was no such small matter. Lady Caroline had driven over in the morning to bid her mother good-bye, and it was she who was to deposit Nora Barrington at Chiefswood, where her next visit was to be paid. There had been but little conversation between the mother and daughter on the subject of that scene which Edith had witnessed, but Lady Lindores could not forbear a word of sympathy in the last half-hour they were to spend together. They were seated in her dressing-room, which was safe from interruption. "I do not like to leave you, my darling," Lady Lindores said, looking wistfully into her daughter's pale face.

"It does not matter, mother. Oh, you must not think of me, and spoil your pleasure. I think perhaps things go better sometimes when I have no one to fall back upon," said poor Lady Caroline.

"Oh, Carry, my love, what a thing that is to say!"

Carry did not make any reply at first. She was calm, not excited at all. "Yes; I think perhaps I am more patient, more resigned, when I have no one to fall back upon. There is no such help in keeping silence as when you have no one to talk to," she added, with a faint smile.

Her mother was much more disturbed in appearance than she. She was full of remorse as well as sympathy. "I did not think—I never knew it was so bad as this," she said, faltering, holding in her own her child's thin hands.

"What could it be but as bad as this?" said Carry. "We both must have known it from the beginning, mother. It is of no use saying anything. I spoke to Edith

the other day because she came in the midst of it, and I could not help myself. It never does any good to talk. When there is no one to speak to, I shall get on better, you will see."

"In that case, it is best for us to be away from you—Carry, my darling!" Lady Lindores was frightened by the wild energy with which her daughter suddenly clutched her arm.

"Oh no, no! don't think that. If I could not look across to Lindores and think there was some one there who loved me, I should go out of my senses. Don't let us talk of it. How curious to think you are going away where I used always to wish to go—to London! No, don't look so. I don't think I have the least wish to go now. There must be ghosts there—ghosts everywhere," she said, with a sigh, "except at home. There are no ghosts at Tinto; that is one thing I may be thankful for."

"I don't think," said her mother, with an attempt to take a lighter tone, "that London is a likely place for ghosts."

"Ah, don't you think so? Mother," said Carry suddenly, "I am afraid of John Erskine. He never knew of what happened—after. What so likely as that he might have people to stay with him—people from town?"

"Nobody—whose coming would make any difference to us—would accept such an invitation, Carry. Of that you may be sure."

"Do you think so, mother?" she said; then added, with some wistfulness, "But perhaps it might be thought that no one would mind. That must be the idea among people who know. And there might be, you know, a little curiosity to see for one's self how it was. I think I could understand that without any blame."

"No, I do not think so—not where there was any delicacy of mind. It would not happen. A chance meeting might take place anywhere else; but here, in our own country, oh, no, no!"

"You think so?" said Lady Caroline: perhaps there was a faint disappointment as well as relief in her tone. "I do not know how or why, but I am afraid of John Erskine," she said again, after a pause.

"My dearest! he brings back old associations."

"It is not that. I feel as if there was something new, some other trouble, coming in his train."

"You were always fanciful," her mother said; "and you are feverish, Carry, and nervous. I don't like to leave you. I

wish there could be some one with you while we are away. You would not ask Nora?"

"I am better without company," she said, shaking her head. "In some houses guests are always inconvenient. One never knows—and indeed, things go better when we are alone. Don't vex yourself about me. There is the carriage. And one thing more—take care of Edith, mother dear."

"Of Edith? But surely! she will be my constant companion. Why do you say take care of Edith, Carry?"

"I think I have a kind of second-sight—or else it is my nerves, as you say. I feel as if there were schemes about Edith. My father will want her—to marry,—that is quite right, I suppose; and in town she will see so many people. I am like an old raven, boding harm. But you will stand by her, mother, whatever happens?"

"Oh, Carry, my darling, don't reproach me!" cried her mother; "it breaks my heart!"

"Reproach you! Oh, not for the world! How could I reproach my dearest friend—always my best support and comfort? No, no, mamma—no, no. It is only that I am silly with sorrow to see you all go away. And yet I want you to go away, to get all the pleasure possible. But only, if anything should happen,—if Edith should—meet any one—you will be sure to stand by her, mamma?"

"Are you ready? Are you coming? The carriage is waiting," said Lord Lindores at the door.

Carry gave a little start at the sound of his voice, and her mother rose hastily, catching up a shawl from the sofa on which she had been sitting—a sort of excuse for a moment's delay. "Let me see that we have got everything," she said hurriedly; and coming back, took her daughter once more into her arms. "Take care of yourself—oh, take care of yourself, my darling! and if you should want me—if it should prove too much—if you find it more than you can bear—"

"I can bear anything for a month," said Lady Caroline, with a smile; "and I tell you, things go better—and you will be all the better of forgetting me for a while, mother dear."

"As if that were possible, Carry!" "No, no; thank God, it is not possible! But I shall do very well, and you will not have my white face forever before your eyes. There is my father calling again. Good-bye, mother dear—good-bye!" and

as they kissed, Carry breathed once more that prayer, "Take care of Edith!"—in which Lady Lindores read the most tender and heart-reading of all reproaches—in her mother's ear.

They drove to the little station, a large party. Lady Caroline, who was the element of care and sadness in it, made an effort to cast her troubles behind her for the sake of the travellers. As they all walked about on the little platform waiting the arrival of the slow-paced local train, it was she who looked the most cheerful—so cheerful, that her mother and sister, not unwilling to be deceived, could scarcely believe that this was the same being who had been "silly with sorrow" to part from them. Between Lord Lindores and his daughter there had always been a certain shadow and coldness since her marriage; but to-day, even he seemed to miss the tacit reproach in her look, and to feel at his ease with Carry. Before the train arrived, John Erskine, too, appeared on the platform to say good-bye to his friends. John was by far the most downcast of the party. "I shall vegetate till you come back," he said to Lady Lindores, not venturing to look at Edith, who listened to him with a smile all the same, mocking his sentiment. She was not afraid of anything he could say at that moment.

"Come and meet us this day month," she said, "and let us see if you are in leaf or blossom, Mr. Erskine."

John gave her a reproachful glance. He did not feel in the humor even to answer with a compliment—with a hint that the sunshine which encourages blossom would be veiled over till she came back, though some loverlike conceit of the kind had floated vaguely through his thoughts. When the travellers disappeared at last, the three who remained were left standing forlorn on the platform, flanked by the entire strength of the station (one man and a boy, besides the stationmaster), which had turned out to see his lordship and her ladyship off. They looked blankly at each other, as those who are left behind can scarcely fail to do. Nora was the only one who kept up a cheerful aspect. "It is only for a month, after all," she said, consoling her companions. But Carry dropped back in a moment out of her false courage, and John looked black as a thundercloud at the well-meant utterance. He was so rude as to turn his back upon the comforter, giving Lady Caroline his arm to take her to her carriage. With her he was in perfect sym-

pathy—he even gave her hand a little pressure in brotherly kindness and fellow-feeling: there was nothing to be said in words. Neither did she say anything to him; but she gave him a grateful glance, acknowledging that mute demonstration. At this moment the stillness which had fallen round the little place, after the painful puffing off of the train, was interrupted by the sound of horse's hoofs, and Torrance came thundering along on his black horse. Lady Caroline made a hurried spring into the carriage, recognizing the sound, and hid herself in its depths before her husband came up.

"Holloa!" he cried. "Gone, are they? I thought I should have been in time to say good-bye. But there are plenty of you without me. Why, Car, you look as if you had buried them all, both you and Erskine. What's the matter? is she going to faint?"

"I never faint," said Lady Caroline softly, from the carriage window. "I am tired a little. Nora, we need not wait now."

"And you look like a dead cat, Erskine," said the civil squire. "It must have been a tremendous parting, to leave you all like this. Hey! wait a moment; don't be in such a hurry. When will you come over and dine, and help Lady Car to cheer up a bit? After this she'll want somebody to talk to, and she don't appreciate me in that line. Have we anything on for Tuesday, Car, or will that suit?"

"Any day that is convenient for Mr. Erskine," said Carry, faltering, looking out with pitiful deprecation and a sort of entreaty at John standing by. Her wistful eyes seemed to implore him not to think her husband a brute, yet to acknowledge that he was so all the same.

"Then we'll say Tuesday," said Torrance. "Come over early and see the place. I don't suppose you have so many invitations that you need to be asked weeks in advance. But don't think I am going to cheat you of your state dinner. Oh, you shall have that in good time, and all the old fogs in the county. In the mean time, as you're such old friends, it's for Lady Car I'm asking you now." This was said with a laugh which struck John's strained nerves as the most insolent he had ever heard.

"I need not say that I am at Lady Caroline's disposition—when she pleases," he replied very gravely.

"Oh, not for me—not for me," she cried, under her breath. Then recovering

herself, "I mean — forgive me; I was thinking of something else. On Tuesday, if you will come, Mr. Erskine — it will be most kind to come. And, Nora, you will come too? To Chiefswood," she said, as the servant shut the door, falling back with a look of relief into the shelter of the carriage. The two men stood for a moment looking after it as it whirled away. Why they should thus stand in a kind of forced antagonism, John Erskine, at least, did not know. The railway forces looked on vaguely behind; and Torrance, curbing his impatient horse, made a great din and commotion on the country road.

"Be quiet, you brute! We didn't bargain for Nora — eh, Erskine? she's thrown in," said Torrance, with that familiarity which was so offensive to John. "To be sure, three's no company, they say. It's a pity they play their cards so openly — or rather, it's a great thing for you, my fine fellow. You were put on your guard directly, I should say. I could have told them, no man was ever caught like that — and few men know better than I do all the ways of it," he said, with a laugh.

"You have the advantage of me," said Erskine coldly. "I don't know who is playing cards, or what I have to do with them. Till Tuesday — since I have Lady Caroline's commands," he said, lifting his hat.

"Confound —" the other said, under his breath; but John had already turned away. Torrance stared after him, with a doubt in his eyes whether he should not pursue and pick a quarrel on the spot; but a moment's reflection changed his plans. "I'll get more fun out of him yet before I'm done with him," he said, half to himself. Then he became aware of the observation of Sandy Struthers the porter and the boy who had formed the background, and were listening calmly to all that was said. He turned round upon them quickly. "Hey, Sandy! what's wrong, my man? Were you waiting to spy upon Mr. Erskine and me?"

"Me — spying! No' me; what would I spy for?" was the porter's reply. He was too cool to be taken by surprise. "What's that to me if twa gentlemen spit and scratch at ilk ither, like cats or women folk," he said slowly. He had known Tinto "a' his days," and was not afraid of him. A porter at a little roadside station may be pardoned if he is misanthropical. He did not even change his position, as a man less accustomed to waiting about with his hands hanging by his side might have done.

"You scoundrel! how dare you talk of spitting and scratching to me?"

"Deed, I daur mair' than that," said Sandy calmly. "You'll no take the trouble to complain to the directors, Tinto, and I'm feared for naeboddy else. But you shouldna quarrel — gentlemen shouldna quarrel. It sets a bad example to the country-side."

"Quarrel! nothing of the sort. That's your imagination. I was asking Mr. Erskine to dinner," said Tinto, with his big laugh.

"Weel, it looked real like it. I wouldna gang to your dinner, Tinto, if you asked me like that."

"Perhaps you wouldn't take a shilling if I tossed it to you like that."

"It's a'thegither different," said Sandy, catching the coin adroitly enough. "I see nae analogy atween the twa. But jist take you my advice and quarrel nane, sir, especially with that young lad: thae Erskines are a dour race."

"You idiot! I was asking him to dinner," Torrance said. He was on friendly terms with all the common people, with a certain jocular roughness which did not displease them. Sandy stood imperturbable, with all the calm of a man accustomed to stand most of his time looking on at the vague and quiet doings of the world about him. Very little ever happened about the station. To have had a crack with Tinto was a great entertainment after the morning excitement, enough to maintain life upon for a long time, of having helped the luggage into the van, and assisted my lord and my lady to get away.

"I wish," cried Nora, as they rolled along the quiet road, "that you would not drag me in wherever John Erskine is going, Car!"

They all called him John Erskine. It was the habit of the neighborhood, from which even strangers could scarcely get free.

"I drag you in! Ah, see how selfish we are without knowing!" said Carry. "I thought only that between Mr. Torrance and myself — there would be little amusement."

"Amusement!" cried Nora, "always amusement! Is that all that is ever to be thought of even at a dinner party?"

Carry was too serious to take up this challenge. "Dear Nora," she said, "I am afraid of John Erskine, though I cannot tell you why. I think Mr. Torrance tries to irritate him; he does not mean it, — but they are so different. I know by my

own experience that sometimes a tone, a look—which is nothing, which means nothing—will drive one beside one's self. That is why I would rather he did not come; and when he comes, I want some one—some one indifferent—to help me to make it seem like a common little dinner—like every day."

"Is it not like every day? Is there—anything? If you want me, Carry, of course there is not a word to be said." Nora looked at her with anxious, somewhat astonished eyes. She, too, was aware that before Carry's marriage—before the family came to Lindores—there had been *some one else*. But if that had been John, how then did it happen that Edith—Nora stopped short, confounded. To her young imagination the idea, not so very dreadful a one, that a man who had loved one sister might afterwards console himself with another, was a sort of sacrilege. But friendship went above all.

"I do not think I can explain it to you, Nora," said Lady Caroline. "There are so many things one cannot explain. Scarcely anything in this world concerns one's very self alone and nobody else. That always seems to make confidences so impossible."

"Never mind confidences," cried Nora, wounded. "I did not ask why. I said if you really *wanted* me, Carry—"

"I know you would not ask why. And there is nothing to tell. Mr. Torrance has had a mistaken idea. But it is not that altogether. I am frightened without any reason. I suppose it is as my mother says, because of all the old associations he brings back. Marriage is so strange a thing. It cuts your life in two. What was before seems to belong to some one else—to another world."

"Is it always so, I wonder?" said Nora wistfully.

"So far as I know," Carry said.

"Then I think St. Paul is right," cried the girl decisively, "and that it is not good in that case to marry; but never mind, if you want me. There is nothing to be frightened about in John Erskine. He is nice enough. He would not do anything to make you uncomfortable. He is not ill-tempered nor ready to take offence."

"I did not know that you knew him so well, Nora."

"Oh yes, when you have a man thrust upon you as he has been, when you have always heard of him all your life; when people have said for years,—in fun, you

know, of course, but still they have said it,—'Wait till you see John Erskine!'"

Nora's tone was slightly aggrieved. She could not help feeling herself a little injured that, after so much preparation and so many indications of fate, John Erskine should turn out to be nothing to her after all.

Lady Caroline listened with an eager countenance. Before Nora had done speaking, she turned upon her, taking both her hands. Her soft, gray eyes widened out with anxious questions. The corners of her mouth drooped. "Nora, dear child, dear child!" she said, "you cannot mean—you do not say—"

"Oh, I don't say anything at all," cried Nora, half angry, half amused, with a laugh at herself which was about a quarter part inclined to crying. "No, of course not, Car. How could I care for him—a man I had never seen? But just—it seems so ludicrous, after this going on all one's life, that it should come to nothing in a moment. I never can help laughing when I think of it. 'Oh, wait till you see John Erskine!' Since I was fifteen everybody has said that. And then when he did appear at last, oh,—I thought him very nice, I had no objection to him, I was not a bit unwilling,—to see him calmly turn his back upon me, as he did to-day at the station!"

Nora laughed till the tears came into her eyes; but Lady Caroline, whose seriousness precluded any admixture of humor in the situation, took the younger girl in her arms and kissed her, with a pitying tenderness and enthusiasm of consolation. "My little Nora! my little Nora!" she said. She was too much moved with the most genuine emotion and sympathy to say more; at which Nora, half accepting the crisis, half struggling against it, laughed again and again till the tears rolled over her cheeks.

"Lady Car! Lady Car! it is not for sorrow; it is the fun of it—the fun of it!" she cried.

But Carry did not see the fun. She wanted to soothe the sorrow away.

"Dearest Nora, this sort of disappointment is only visionary," she said. "It is your imagination that is concerned, not your heart. Oh, believe me, dear, you will laugh at it afterwards; you will think it nothing at all. How little he knows! I shall think less of his good sense, less of his discrimination, than I was disposed to do. To think of a man so left to himself as to throw my Nora away!"

"He has not thrown me away," cried

Nora, with a little pride; "because, thank heaven, he never knew that he had me in his power! But you must think more, not less, of his discrimination, Carry; for if he never had any eyes for me, it was for the excellent good reason that he had seen Edith before. So my pride is saved — quite saved," the girl cried.

"Edith!" Carry repeated after her. And then her voice rose almost to a shriek — "Edith! You cannot mean that?"

"But I do mean it. Oh, I know there will be a thousand difficulties. Lord Lindores will never consent: that is why they go and do it, I suppose. Because she was the last person he ought to have fallen in love with, as they say in the 'Critic' —"

"Edith!" repeated Carry again. Nora was half satisfied, half disappointed, to find that her own part of the story faded altogether from her friend's mind when this astonishing piece of intelligence came in. Then she whispered in an awestricken voice, "Does my mother know of it?"

"Nobody knows — not even Edith herself. I saw it because, you know — And of course," cried Nora, in delightful self-contradiction, "it does not matter at all when I meet him now; for he is not thinking of me any longer, but of her. Oh, he never did think of me, except to say to himself, 'There is that horrid girl again!'"

This time Nora's laugh passed without any notice from Carry, whose thoughts were absorbed in her sister's concerns. "Was not I right," she said, clasping her hands, "when I said I was frightened for John Erskine? I said so to my mother to-day. What I was thinking of was very different: that he might quarrel with Mr. Torrance — that harm might come in that way. But oh, this is worse, far worse! Edith! I thought she at least would be safe. How short-sighted we are even in our instincts! Oh, my little sister! What can I do, Nora, what can I do to save her?"

Nora received this appeal with a countenance trembling between mirth and vexation. She did not think Edith at all to be pitied. If there was any victim — and the whole matter was so absurd that she felt it ought not to be looked at in so serious a light, — but if there was a victim, it was not Edith, but herself. She could only reply to Carry's anxiety with a renewed outbreak of not very comfortable laughter. "Save her! You forget," she said, with sudden gravity, "that Edith is

not one to be saved unless she pleases. And if she should like Mr. Erskine —"

"My father will kill her!" Lady Caroline cried.

From The Nineteenth Century.

MUHAMMAD AND HIS TEACHING.

THE Muhammadan religion has been so much written about that it would be difficult to enliven by a single new idea or fresh fact the mass of information which any one curious on the subject will find scattered on the shelves of the most ordinary library. The supply is more than sufficient to satisfy the most eager inquirer, and is embarrassing not only from its amplitude, but from the opposite views of Muhammad's character which compete for acceptance, ranging between the two extremes of scathing denunciation and extravagant praise.

One writer, for example, invites us to identify the Arabian prophet with Antichrist; makes him out to be no other than the Man of Sin; a third compares him to Gog or Magog. According to some he is a monster, a beast, a fiend, an emissary of the devil, a ruler of the darkness of this world, a scourge of the human race.

To others, again, he appears in the light of a foolish driveller, an arch-hypocrite, a dastardly liar, an arrant impostor, an incarnation of vice, sensuality, and ambition.

Then, as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, we find him transformed into the perfection of humanity, the ideal of everything good and generous, a God-inspired prophet, a hero of heroes, a prince of benefactors, a regenerator and revivifier of mankind, deserving of elevation to a platform little lower than that occupied by the Founder of Christianity himself.

Perhaps, therefore, another attempt to give a clear and impartial outline of a character capable of being viewed under such wholly opposite aspects and of a religion which has undoubtedly worked vast changes both for good and for evil in the moral, political, and even physical condition of a large proportion of the human race, may still be welcome. And the more so, as a conviction is daily taking firmer hold of the minds of thoughtful Christians, that it is their duty to study non-Christian systems more fairly and judicially, not with any wish to exalt them unduly, nor with any idea of detracting one iota from the admitted superiority of

Christianity, but with a determination to do justice to the amount of truth they contain, and a desire to estimate correctly the nature of the influence they are still exerting in the world.

And this desire is enhanced among us Englishmen by a remembrance of the fact that the British Empire is the greatest Muhammadan power in the world; by which I mean that the queen of England, as empress of India, rules over more Muhammadans than any other potentate, not excepting the sultan of Turkey.

At least forty-one millions of the present population of India are Muhammadans. Many of these are descended from Hindūs converted to Islām by the Muhammadan invaders, and are still half Hindūs in character, manners, and customs. Indeed it is matter of history, that numbers of low-caste Hindūs formerly became Muhammadans not simply because the pressure of military power, physical force, and fanaticism was brought to bear on them by the conquerors, but because Islām is a political as well as religious system, and by accepting it they elevated themselves in the social scale, and put themselves within the pale of State protection and patronage.

The real fact is that the government of all Muhammadan States practically resolves itself into a kind of theocracy of a pattern not unlike that of the Jews under Moses, just as the religion of every Muhammadan is practically little else than an imitation and expansion of Mosaic teaching. Muhammad and the king are joint rulers.

My main design in the present paper will be to give a trustworthy outline of the prominent features of the Muhammadan religion — without extenuating anything, or setting down aught in malice — under six heads.

I. The causes which led to Muhammad's success.

II. The distinctive character and peculiar structure of the Kurān.

III. The traditions by which it is supplemented.

IV. The doctrinal side of Islām.

V. Its moral and practical side.

VI. Its sectarian divisions and corruptions.

I. In the first place, then, the causes which led to Muhammad's success will be best understood by taking a rapid glance at the condition of Arabia about the time of his birth. It must be borne in mind that a vague belief in one God

existed among the Arab tribes long before that event. Nor must it be forgotten that the Arabs and Jews were kindred races, speaking kindred languages, and having kindred customs, practices, and prejudices. Driven out of their own land at successive epochs by Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, many Jewish tribes settled in Arabia; and when the Roman Empire became Christianized, colonies of Christians, also scattered everywhere, found their way into the Arabian peninsula, causing much mutual attrition and interchange of thought between Jews, Christians, and Arabians. Occasionally Arab tribes were thus converted to the faith of the colonists. Unhappily, both the Judaism and Christianity imported in this way into the country were of a debased character. They were not very much better than the forms of religion already prevalent among the Arab tribes. Even the doctrine of God's unity had been tampered with and corrupted. No creed worthy of the name of religion existed anywhere in Arabia. Tritheism, polytheism, Sabæism, adoration of the sun and planets, idolatry, fetishism, animal-worship, plant-worship, stone-worship, superstitions of the grossest kinds, were rife in various ways among various tribes. Nowhere, except in the hearts of a few of the more intelligent and thoughtful, were any true ideas of God still cherished.

It was under such circumstances, and amid such surroundings, that Muhammad, "the praised one" (as his name signifies*), was born at Meccah about A.D. 570. His father Abdullāh died before his birth, and his mother Aminah when he was six years old. Yet he enjoyed one great advantage notwithstanding his orphaned condition. He had not to waste time and energy in pushing his way upwards from obscurity. His grandfather Abd-ul-Muttalib, who adopted him, belonged to the Arabian aristocracy. He was of the noble family of Hāshim of the Kuresh tribe, and was the appointed guardian of the Ka'bah or sacred temple at Meccah, a small, cube-shaped stone building which had existed as a sacred edifice for many centuries previously. The guardianship of this temple was regarded as the highest honor to which any family could aspire, the belief being that

* It is the passive participle of the verb *hamada*, "to praise," and ought no more to admit of variety of spelling than our word "praised" does. Muhammadans declare that the word Paraclete in our Gospels should be *Periclyte* (*περικλυτος*), and that their prophet's advent was predicted in John xiv. 16.

it was originally erected by Abraham over the spot where he was about to sacrifice Ishmael.*

On the death of the grandfather of Muhammad, while he was still a boy, his uncle Abū Tālib became his guardian, and during all his difficulties never deserted him. His family, though noble, was poor, and the boy Muhammad was obliged to earn his livelihood by tending sheep in the wilderness; thus from his earliest years resembling his great prototype Moses, who had to act as shepherd to his father-in-law Jethro.†

It was not till Muhammad was twenty-five years of age that he married his rich kinswoman Khadijah. She was a widow lady who had acquired great wealth by trading transactions, and was fifteen years his senior. She had entrusted the management of her affairs to Muhammad, and, having found him eminently trustworthy, gave proof of her gratitude by offering him her hand. It is remarkable that he remained faithful to Khadijah till her death, which did not occur till he was in his fifty-first year. During the period of their union, she bore him four sons and four daughters, of whom only one daughter (Fātimah) outgrew youth, while all the sons died in childhood. Nor was it till some time after her death, that, in conformity with the customs of his country, and in accordance, be it remembered, with the practice of the Jewish patriarchs and with the law of Moses, he permitted himself to take more than one wife,‡ thus unhappily giving sanction to polygamy and concubinage and encouraging facilities for divorce, the degradation of women, and similar evils, which to this day are the bane of every Muhammadan country, poisoning the springs of national life and impeding all social and political progress. It is only fair, however, to add that in nearly every other respect Muhammad was a pattern of self-denial and abstemiousness. Probably the wealth he acquired through his first wife, her devotion to him, and entire faith in his inspiration were the most important factors in determining the direction and ultimate issue of his extraordinary career. He was by nature a man of deep religious feeling and reflectiveness. To such a man, so circumstanced, the spectacle of his fel-

low-countrymen wholly given up to superstitious and immoral practices was inexpressibly distressing. Having abundant leisure at his command, he was able to indulge his passion for solitary contemplation. Day after day, and often for many days together, he was accustomed to retire to a lonely spot in a neighboring mountain. There, after long fasting, prayer, and communing with the unseen world, his over-excited brain became liable to hallucinations which made him fancy himself the medium of divine communications, and the subject of special spiritual enlightenment. In this respect he resembled the Indian Buddha.

It was not, however, till Muhammad was forty years of age that the impulse to attempt the delivery of his country from its wretched condition of moral, social, and religious degradation became an irresistible force. He was in a lonely cave (such is the tradition) when suddenly a voice broke upon his ear and thrilled through every nerve of his frame. And the voice said: "Cry!" and he answered "What shall I cry?" and the voice said "Cry,* in the name of the Lord the Creator."

The first person to believe in his supposed prophetic mission was his wife Khadijah; the second was 'Alī, who afterwards became his son-in-law; the third was his own slave Zaid; and the fourth was Abū-bakr, who afterwards became his father-in-law, and was a man of great influence in Muhammad's own tribe.

After a short interval Othmān, who also in time became his son-in-law, was induced to join the little band. It is a remarkable testimony to the greatness of Muhammad's personal character that those who lived in the closest family relationship and intimacy with him were the first to believe in him. And this, too, without the attestation of signs and wonders. For Muhammad had no power of working miracles like his great exemplar, Moses. No wonder that in three years he had only gained fourteen converts. Finding that he made little progress outside his own immediate circle, he began to preach boldly to the throng of people who collected every day round the temple, denouncing their idolatry in scathing language, and calling upon them to adopt the true religion of God. Such a daring onslaught on the cherished ideas of centuries had only one immediate result. It

* The Arabs believe that Abraham was commanded to sacrifice Ishmael, not Isaac.

† Mr. Bosworth Smith in his brilliant lectures mentions a tradition that Muhammad once drove his camels to the very place where Moses tended Jethro's flocks.

‡ At least nine legitimate wives are named, which exceeded the limit he himself had fixed for others.

* "Recite" or "read" is perhaps a truer translation of the Arabic than "cry."

* This took place

brought upon him insults and persecution, especially from the members of his own tribe, whose interests were involved in the maintenance of Meccah as a centre of superstitious practices. The Kuresh were incensed that any member of their own body should act the part of a pestilent innovator, and often tried to lay violent hands on him. Frequently his preaching lashed them to fury. Several times his life was in jeopardy and would have been sacrificed to their malignity, had not his uncle Abū Tālib, the father of 'Alī, faithfully and courageously sheltered him in his own house.

His disciples, when they began to multiply, became the mark for even worse persecutions. Some had to fly into Abyssinia.* Even there, they were followed by emissaries from the Kuresh who demanded their extradition. The fugitives were questioned by the king as to the cause of their flight, and are said to have replied :—

We were plunged, O King, in the depth of ignorance and barbarism; we adored idols; we knew no law but that of the strong. Then God raised up among us a man of truthfulness, honesty, and purity. He taught us the Unity of God; he ordered us to abstain from sin, to offer prayers, to give alms, to observe the fast. We have believed in him, we have accepted his teachings. For this reason, our people have persecuted, tortured, and injured us, until, finding no safety among them, we have come to thy country, and hope thou wilt protect us from their oppression.

And the king did protect them, and refused to deliver them into the hands of their persecutors.

Finding that Muhammad was safe under his uncle's guardianship, the Kuresh tribe resorted to other tactics. They offered him honors and wealth if he would desist from preaching. His answer is said to have been: "If they placed the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, to induce me to renounce my work, verily I would not desist therefrom until God made manifest his cause, or I perished." On another occasion they called upon him to give proof of his prophetic mission by miracles. His reply is said to have been: "God has not sent me to work wonders. He has sent me to preach to you. If you will accept my message you will have happiness in this world and the next. If you reject my admonitions, I shall be patient, and God

will judge between you and me. I am but a man like yourselves, but I bring you hopeful tidings."

The death of his uncle Abū Talib and of his wife Khadijah were severe blows to Muhammad's cause. From that time forward he became exposed to the full force of his enemies' ferocity. History scarcely affords a more sublime spectacle than that of this resolute reformer, cut off from all external aid, thrown back wholly on his own unassisted energies, yet rising nobly to the occasion, strong in the strength of his own superiority, doing battle single-handed with the combined forces of jealousy, superstition, rage, and fanaticism. At length, spurned by his own tribe and threatened with destruction at their hands, he turned to the strangers who flocked periodically to Meccah. His first converts were six men who had come there as pilgrims and traders from Yathrib (afterwards called Medinah, "the city" of the prophet). The following year these men brought with them six others, who also succumbed to Muhammad's burning words. They all became members of the Muslim fraternity, and together took what is called the first pledge of Islām: "We will not associate any other being with God; we will not steal, nor commit adultery, nor fornication; we will not kill our children; we will abstain from calumny and slander; we will obey the prophet in everything that is right; we will be faithful to him in weal and in woe." Returning to Yathrib (Medinah) these twelve men became ardent propagators of the new faith among the people of their own city. The doctrines they preached attracted so many adherents that, in the year following, seventy-five men journeyed to Meccah, and there took an oath of allegiance to the prophet, swearing to defend him and his followers from the attacks of his enemies. When this fact became known among the people of Meccah so terrible a persecution ensued that all Muhammad's adherents had to take refuge at Medinah. There they met with a warm welcome from increasing numbers of enthusiastic converts. The prophet himself had more difficulty in eluding his enemies. For several days, in company with Abū-bakr, he hid himself in a mountain cavern. "What can we do?" said his timid companion; "we are but two against a host." "Nay," said Muhammad, "we are three, for God is with us." It is related that a spider wove its web before the mouth of the cavern, and this providential circumstance led his

* This is called the first Muhammadan flight, and took place A.D. 615.

pursuers to believe it empty. After many such hair-breadth escapes he made good his flight to Medinah (about three hundred and seventy-five miles distant), thus instituting the well-known epoch called Hijrah (Hegira), or "the departure." This era, still used everywhere throughout the Muhammadan world, dates from A.D. 622, or about the fourteenth year of the prophet's career, when he was fifty-two years of age.

Up to this time Muhammad had fought his way through unparalleled difficulties with no other weapons but his own indomitable will, confidence in the righteousness of his cause, and power of persuading others to believe in it. We have seen him first as a thoughtful youth, tending sheep on his native hills; then as the upright man of business, managing the affairs of his future wife Khadijah; next as the reflective and introspective recluse, communing in solitude with his own spirit, and asking himself those same tremendous questions which have agitated the minds of thinking men in every age: What am I? Where am I? Who created me? Why am I here? Whence have I come? Whither am I going? then as the dauntless and heroic reformer, not only holding his own against crushing opposition, but engaging for ten years in a death-struggle with falsehood and superstition — ten long years of weary strife and hopeless anxiety, fears within and fightings without — till the culminating point of crucial trial was reached. And now on a sudden the whole scene is changed; the striking figure, indeed, of the prophet is still seen as before, erect and fearless, but no longer advancing with doubtful footsteps, as if on the brink of a volcano. His countenance is still the foremost object in the picture, but no longer haggard and careworn, as if looking earnestly into futurity, and anticipating a martyr's death. We see him, on the contrary, in a friendly city, surrounded by enthusiastic and devoted adherents — men of unflinching intrepidity, overflowing with chivalrous ardor, accustomed to warlike expeditions, bent on defending him from violence, eager to display their valor in advancing their leader's cause. His chief difficulty now was to restrain their impetuosity; he had to accustom them to patience, discipline, union, and organization. He had to teach them that as they had one God, and one creed, so they were to become one brotherhood, one army, one nation. He had to train himself also to assume new duties and functions. He was to be

no longer a simple prophet and religious teacher charged with the delivery of a divine message. He was to be magistrate, lawgiver, statesman, general, and, to all practical purposes, king.

We need not dwell on subsequent events. No founder of any religion has ever appeared in the world, every detail of whose life is so well known. Every minute circumstance has been repeatedly described; his attempt to conciliate the Jews and Christians; his constituting Jerusalem his first Kiblah or point to which every believer was to turn in prayer, not, however, without guarding himself by the declaration that "to God belong the east and the west; therefore, whithersoever ye turn in prayer, there is the face of God;" his subsequent repudiation of both Jews and Christians; the consequent substitution of the Ka'bah or temple of Meccah as the Kiblah; the building of a mosque at Medinah, in which Muhammad himself led the devotions and repeated portions of the Kur'an; the battle of Badr in which three hundred and thirteen Muslims were victorious over about one thousand of the Kuresh, and which advanced the cause of Islām as Constantine's victory did that of Christianity; the subsequent defeat of Muhammad at Mount Ohod; his taking part in nine other battles and sieges; his pacific pilgrimage in company with about two thousand followers to Meccah* in the sixth year after his flight to Medinah; his final triumphant entry into that town in the eighth year after his flight, and the consequent complete destruction of its three hundred and sixty idols.

And here to the honor of the Arabian prophet be it recorded, that on that great day of his triumph the lustre of his victory was not tarnished, as on former occasions, by the blood of his enemies. Rather was it intensified by the noblest of all gifts, the gift of good for evil. The people of Meccah, at whose hands Muhammad had suffered so much injustice, were generously forgiven, the city was peacefully occupied, and Muhammad himself marching in person to the Ka'bah and pointing towards the only objects of his implacable hatred — the idols of his native city — is reported to have given orders for their utter annihilation in these grand words: "Truth is come; let falsehood be abolished."

* This remarkable pilgrimage was undertaken during a truce which had been agreed upon between Muhammad and the Meccans. Under a solemn compact the latter withdrew from the city for three days, and gave up possession of the sacred soil to the returned exiles.

No wonder that so glorious a consummation of a lifelong struggle was followed by the conversion of countless hosts to Islām. No wonder, too, that even Muhammad's iron constitution gave way under the inevitable reaction. He died soon afterwards at Medinah in the sixty-second year of his age, and in the tenth year of the Hijrah. The curtain fell quietly and noiselessly on a heroic life's drama, the thrilling action of which had not only revolutionized Arabia, but convulsed the whole civilized world, and for twelve centuries and a half has not ceased to agitate it. Probably the peacefulness of his end was due to Muhammad's having maintained in his own mind, even to the last moment, a general belief in the truth of his own mission, notwithstanding the inconsistencies, infirmities, occasional cruel acts and time-serving deceptions which disfigured his later career, and of which he could not have been wholly unconscious. For Muhammad never professed to be anything but a sinful man, never claimed to be exempt from the failings and infirmities of humanity. "I shall never enter Paradise," he declared, "unless God cover me with his mercy." How far he was conscious of deliberate deceit or pious fraud, and how far the victim of morbid hallucinations, these are questions which, involving, as they do, subtle psychological problems and a parallax of nearly thirteen centuries, are scarcely determinable by modern European critics whose mental and moral constitutions have been moulded under different circumstances and in wholly different atmospheres.

All that can be affirmed with certainty is, that, like other human beings, he had two natures, and that these did not dominate together. Probably his lower self had scarcely power to make its presence felt during the first effervescence of his religious and patriotic feelings. It could seldom, so to speak, rear its head, borne down as it was by the resistless impulse of higher aspirations and a burning enthusiasm directed towards noble ends. It was not till these forces had exhausted themselves in achieving victory over external enemies, that subtle internal foes, ambitious designs, love of power, revengeful feelings, sensual inclinations, began to creep stealthily from their hiding-places, and struggle doggedly for the mastery. It is certain that if any admirer of the Arabian prophet's character wishes to depict it in its most favorable colors, he will be wise to confine himself to the period of his Meccah career.

II. The next point to be considered is the distinctive character of Muhammad's so-called divine communications.

Well-informed persons in the present day scarcely need to be told that these were determined by the varying circumstances and necessities of his fluctuating career. Perhaps the chief distinctive mark to be noted in comparing the Muslim's Kurān with the Christian's Holy Bible is, that the Kurān is believed to have no human element at all. Nor is it even held to be a record of what Muhammad said or did; for that is recorded in the traditions. The Kurān was a wholly objective, not a subjective, revelation. It was revealed to one man only. It did not pass through many men's minds during successive generations for nearly two thousand years like the Christian revelation. The continuous subjectivity of our sacred Scriptures protracted through so long a period, and the fact of our acknowledging a human element in them, causes the Musalmān to place them in the same category with his Sunnah, or tradition. According to his view even our Gospels are not a direct revelation, but only a record of Christ's words and actions, compiled by his followers and handed down to others. Though admitted to be inspired, the inspiration is of a very different kind from that of the Kurān. It is an imparting of ideas, not of words. The very words of the Kurān on the other hand, and indeed the whole complete book, not a mere portion of it, descended from God, in a fixed and unalterable form on one particular night, called "the night of power;" though, happily for Muhammad's purposes, its descent was arrested at the lowest of the seven heavens. There it remained treasured up, or, so to speak, stored away in reserve; portion after portion being delivered as successive declarations of doctrine, law, or State policy became needed. Then an audible voice communicated each word in a low tone to Muhammad, or, as some say, whispered every sentence into his ear. This accounts for the constant repetition of the word "Say" before each revelation.

A very important factor in the success of this wonderful book, which, notwithstanding its unequal merit, utter want of system, and the adulteration of its sublime ideas by a frequent admixture of puerile and false teaching, is still revered as a direct emanation from God by about one hundred and fifty millions of human beings, was without doubt this disjointed and fragmentary delivery.

It was never in fact either written or composed like any other book. It grew like patchwork, little by little, piece after piece, patch added to patch. Even the Kurān's warmest admirers must admit that it has often the appearance of being clumsily botched.

The Kurān's own account of itself is that it descended in a succession of parcels.* Some of these parcels were delivered at Meccah, some at Medinah, during a period of twenty-three years, the angel Gabriel being the supposed medium of delivery. About ninety of the one hundred and fourteen chapters, or more than two-thirds of the whole, are thought to have been the proportion assignable to the Meccah period; and of these the earlier portions, delivered at a time when Muhammad really believed himself to be stirred by divine impulses, though spoken in plain prose, are full of poetic fire. They are the utterances of an enthusiast wrought up by an intense consciousness of the truth of his prophetic message, and often rise to great sublimity.

In reality each additional portion was the result of the constantly recurring need of new declarations to suit changing circumstances. Early revelations had to be abrogated when a fresh turn of events made them inconvenient. This will account for the prosaic character of the later deliverances, and for the frequent contradictions, incoherencies, and repetitions which mar the beauty of one of the most extraordinary literary productions the world has ever seen. And yet, after all, the Kurān is by no means a bulky book. It extends to scarcely more than three-fourths the length of our New Testament. Probably an ordinary number of the *Times* newspaper contains more matter.

Nor was the Kurān collected and arranged in its present form of one hundred and fourteen Sūras, or chapters, till after Muhammad's death—first by Abū-bakr, and afterwards finally by Othmān. Nor would Muhammad have found it convenient to encourage or sanction its arrangement during his own lifetime. He knew well the inconsistencies of many of his utterances. They had been delivered in a spasmodic manner, some under the disappointment of failure, some under the excitement of success. The idea of continuous systematic arrangement seemed out of keeping with their essential char-

acter. Besides, he had himself a great aversion to writing. He was a prophet, and not an author. He professed to be as illiterate as a child. What happened was that, as soon as his revelations were uttered, they were eagerly inscribed by his friends on any material that happened to be at hand, and thrown promiscuously into some receptacle. There they appear to have been well shaken up together like lottery tickets in a bag, until the time came for their production. Then they were drawn out at haphazard and written down mechanically one after the other without regard to chronological, historical, or logical sequence, and with complete indifference to the duty of avoiding confusion of statement, ambiguity of expression, or tautology.

The only rule of arrangement appears to have been that of placing the longest chapters first, and making the Medinah utterances, by a curious perversity, stand before those delivered at Meccah. Oddly enough, too, the name of each chapter has been taken from some word, often quite an unimportant word—such as cow, bee, ant, spider, fig—occurring in it.

One of the first chapters to be delivered was the short Sūra xcvi. before referred to, beginning: "Recite (or read, or cry) in the name of the Lord who hath created all things."

The Arabic for recite, or "read," is *ka-ra'a* (corresponding to the Hebrew *kara* and *mikra* in Nehemiah viii.). Hence the Kurān literally means, "that which is to be recited or read." And in truth the Kurān is pre-eminently a book to be orally and verbally recited. Silent reading is not encouraged, and is not so meritorious as reading aloud or in a low tone. Perhaps no other book in existence depends so much on being audibly pronounced in the very words in which it was composed. To read and repeat these words, even without understanding them, is of itself the highest act of worship. No translation, in fact, can give the slightest idea of the grandeur of the original phraseology and the sonorous ring of its rhyming cadences. Nor would the repetition of the words in a translation have any efficacy; for the words of the Kurān are not capable of being translated like the words of our Bible. They are believed to be the very words of God, which it is impious to meddle with in any way. Even to an unbeliever the Kurān in any other language, except Arabic, loses all its force, and becomes anything but a miraculous production. In an English translation it

* Sūra xxv. 34: "In parcels have we parcelled it out to thee."

is flat, tedious, prosy, uninteresting, almost unreadable. Let any one who doubts this first read a chapter of the best translation he can procure, and then hear the original recited with the true intonation by some learned Arab. Not till then will he be able to understand the fascinating influence which the mere language of the Kurān has exercised for so many centuries over the whole Muhammadan world, acting as the one bond to bind together all Muslims of different nationalities and antagonistic sects, and preserving, amid mixed and deteriorating dialects, a constant standard of pure Arabic. It is on this account that Turks, Persians, and Hindūs never think of substituting the reading of translations in Turkish, Persian, and Hindūstani, which they could well understand, for the recitation of the original Arabic, of which they know nothing.

What the majority of Musalmāns aim at acquiring is not the correct meaning of the text, but the correct pronunciation and intonation of every syllable. The Kurān, in fact, is divisible into thirty sections, so as to admit of being read through with mechanical precision once a month, and the strictly pious like to read through the whole book, as an act of religious merit, three times monthly. In the month of Ramāzān it is often repeated from beginning to end five times. There are even professional readers capable of going through the whole book in twenty-four hours, reading with great rapidity of articulation night and day. These men are often paid to repeat the whole Kurān for the benefit of the souls of the dead.

In Persia the price demanded for a single recitation of the entire book is about equivalent to ten shillings. Frequently large sums are bequeathed for the perpetual repetition of the Kurān at the tombs of wealthy or illustrious men.*

III. But the Kurān is not the only guide to a Muslim's faith and practice. At least three other authoritative directories are accepted as supplementary, and in their own way infallible. These are Sunnah, Ijmā, and Kiās. The first of these, Sunnah, is the name given to the prophet's own sayings and precepts, which, though regarded as inspired, are distinguished from the direct commands of God

communicated to him in the Kurān, and called *farz*. Sunnah also embraces the prophet's acts, practice, and example. And, since nothing that he said or did is supposed to be recorded in the Kurān, but has only been preserved by being handed down through a succession of authorities, commencing with the companions of his daily life, it follows that Sunnah depends entirely on *hadis*, or tradition, and the expressions Sunnah and Hadis are often interchanged. All Musalmāns, of whatever sect they may be, accept the authority of the Sunnah, though some, like the Shī'ahs, will only acknowledge their own collection of traditions.

Of the other two rules of faith and practice, Ijmā is employed for the settlement of controverted points. It literally means the collective judgment of the prophet's companions, and of certain leading doctors of Muhammadan law, called imāms. On the other hand, Kiās is the employment of deduction, or inference, to establish any rule of conduct; as, for example, that it is incumbent on every true Muslim to "abstain" from wine, beer, opium, tobacco, and other modern intoxicants not named in the Kurān, because a particular intoxicating substance is prohibited.

IV. What, then, are the cardinal doctrines of Islām deducible from the Kurān and subsequent traditions?

The Arabian prophet, as we have already seen, was half a Jew in character, in race, in language. His mind was naturally receptive of Jewish ideas. He could scarcely avoid imbibing severe conceptions of the unity of God from the Jewish settlers with whom he was brought into contact. His great model and exemplar was the prophet Moses. The monotheistic, unidolatrous creed which Muhammad sought to establish was not put forth by him as a new religion, or even as an old religion in a new setting. He would himself have indignantly repudiated the term Muhammadanism which is now generally applied to it. His two cardinal dogmas were: first, There is no god but God (*Lā ilāha illa-l-lāhu*); secondly, Muhammad is the apostle of God (*Muhammadu-l-rasūlu-l-lāh*). The religion based on these two dogmas he called Islām, which may mean either "resignation" or "peace:" the peace resulting from the complete surrender to the will of God.

* In the same way the Sikh bible (called Grantha) is constantly read, and the mere sound of it believed to be efficacious for the working of cures. During the recent outbreak of malignant fever at Amritsar the continuous reading (*akhanda-pāth*) of the Grantha was carried on night and day.

* *Rasūl* means "sent," and corresponds therefore to "apostle" rather than to prophet.

Every follower of this religion was a Muslim, or one peacefully resigned to the will of God, and the first Muslim was Abraham. Be it observed, too, that, although Muhammad proclaimed the unity of the Godhead, he did not proclaim the unity of his own apostleship. His second dogma does not assert that Muhammad is the one sole apostle of God. In fact Muhammad was both the creature of an old state of things and the creator of a new. He was both the outcome of the needs of his own age and the inaugurator of a new departure. In all probability he deluded himself into believing in his own mission; but the only mission with which at the outset of his career he believed himself charged was to establish the continuity of revelation; to sweep away, so to speak, the mildew of superstitious practices which had corrupted the once pure faith of his fellow-countrymen; to reclaim them from immorality and bring them back to the worship of the one God—the one true faith originally revealed to Abraham, and transmitted by him through Ishmael to the Arabs, as it was through Isaac and Jacob to the Jews. But he aimed, too, at far more than this. He strove to unite Arabs, Jews, and Christians in one homogeneous catholic Church—to merge all the faiths of the world in the simple monotheistic creed which, according to him, had always existed and would never cease to exist. For the accomplishment of this grand design he not only denounced idolatry, but set himself to abolish all priesthood, sacerdotalism, ritualism, symbolism, ecclesiastical organization, caste—everything that interposed a barrier between the direct communion of man with his Creator—everything that implied the religious superiority of one human being over another.

Yet the teaching of Muhammad, however simple and severe in his early career, very soon grew with the growth of his own ambitious projects, very soon expanded in response to the needs of the mighty reforming movement to which he found himself committed. It was not to be expected that an increasing throng of followers, many of whom were incapable of abandoning old habits of mind, would long continue satisfied with a creed "short enough to be written on a finger-nail." Muhammad, in fact, soon found that to justify his own claim to finality as a prophet, he had to go beyond his prototype Moses. He had to add, extend, amplify, develop. Even the Old Testament was insufficient to serve as a

foundation for the subsequent rank growth of superstitious ideas by which the Muslim creed ultimately became overlaid. The Talmud and the spurious Gospels formed the prolific soil out of which the tangle of later doctrine gradually ramified. And, in point of fact, a large proportion of the longer chapters of the Kurān will be found to consist of legendary versions of the Old and New Testament narratives derived from rabbinical and apocryphal writings.

To give a complete account of the whole system of teaching thus evolved would require volumes, and volumes have already been written in so doing. All I can attempt is to describe briefly the nature of a Musalmān's ideas in regard to God, the sacred Scriptures, prophets, angels, genii, and devils; the resurrection and day of judgment; paradise and hell.

And first, in regard to God, it is important to note that the two names Islām and Allāh constitute a key to Muhammad's conception of the divine nature. The word Islām means, as we have seen, complete resignation to God's will; and the word Allāh, which is the principal name for God among all sects of Muslims, is used (with Akbar) to denote the Almighty Being to whose irresistible and irrevocable decrees every human being must resign himself with the unquestioning obedience of a helpless infant. To Muhammad God was the All-powerful One; just as to Moses he was "I am that I am," the eternal and incomprehensible; and just as to Christians he is life, light, holiness, and love.

What amount of free agency, if any, Muhammad believed to be compatible with God's absolute sovereignty is not clear. The one all-important, overwhelming fact, next to the fact of God's unity, is the fact of God's omnipotence. To him belong the kingdom, the power, and the glory; and to this very day, this idea overpowers all others in a Muslim's mind, when he thinks of God. The attributes of holiness and love scarcely ever occur to him at all. Hence Kurān ii. 256 is generally repeated by pious Musalmāns at the end of their prayers five times a day as follows: "God! there is no God but He, the Ever-Living, the Ever-Subsisting. Slumber seizeth Him not, nor sleep. . . . His throne comprehendeth the heavens and the earth, and the care of them burdeneth Him not. And He is the High and the Great" (Lane).

Yet it is remarkable that the first attribute revealed is God's mercifulness.

Every chapter in the Kurān begins with the words: "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful!" Moreover, the opening chapter, which is daily repeated over and over again by every Muslim (like the Lord's Prayer among Christians), is as follows:—

Praise be to God, the Lord of the Worlds, the Compassionate, the Merciful, the King of the Day of Judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee seek we help. Guide us in the right way, the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, not of those with whom Thou art wroth, nor of the erring. (Lane.)

The sin of associating other beings with God is often dwelt upon. This sin is called *shirk*; and Christians, as Trinitarians, are called Mushrik—those who give God a partner.* "They surely are infidels who say God is the third of three, for there is no God but one God (Sūra v. 77). Say, there is one God alone, God the eternal; He begetteth not, and He is not begotten" (Sūra cxii.).

As to a Muhammadan's belief in the inspiration of previous scriptures the Kurān itself teaches as follows (v. 50):—

We also caused Jesus, the son of Mary, to follow the footsteps of the prophets confirming the law which was sent down before him, and we gave him the gospel containing directions and light. . . . We have also sent down unto thee the book of the Kurān with truth, confirming the Scripture revealed before it, and preserving the same safe! (Sale.)

The number of previous scriptures is generally declared to be one hundred and four. Ten were delivered to Adam; fifty to Seth; thirty to Enoch; ten to Abraham; one to Moses (*i.e.* the Taurāt, or whole Pentateuch regarded as one); one to David (the Zabūr, or Psalms); one to Jesus (the Injil, or Gospels); one to Muhammad (the Kurān).† But only the last four are extant; and of these the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels, though admitted to be divinely inspired, are held to have been tampered with by Jews and Christians who are said to have suppressed, or perverted, all passages bearing witness to the apostleship of Muhammad. The Kurān, as the latest revelation, has superseded all the others.

* As one sect of Arabian Christians worshipped the Virgin Mary, Muhammad imagined her to be one person of the Trinity. In fact his Trinity was Father, Mother, and Son. Sir William Muir, in his admirable work, the "Life of Mahomet," well shows that the prophet quite misunderstood the real doctrines of Christianity.

† Also called Furkān, "the distinguisher;" Kurān-i-Sharīf, "the noble book;" Kurān-i-Majid, "the glorious book."

Practically, therefore, no Musalman need trouble himself about any other except the Kurān.

Next, in regard to prophets, Muslims believe that Adam was the first prophet, Muhammad the last; and that between these two an immense number of other prophets have been sent into the world to make known God's will; but only six were the revealers of new dispensations successively superseding each other: viz. Adam, "the chosen of God;" Noah, "the prophet of God;" Abraham, "the friend of God;" Moses, "the speaker with God;" Jesus, "the spirit of God;" and Muhammad, "the apostle of God."*

In Sūra xxxiii. 40 Muhammad is called "the seal of the prophets," whose teaching was to take the place of that of his predecessors.

It is noteworthy that sin in the Kurān is attributed to all the prophets except Jesus. Muhammad is told to ask for forgiveness (Sūra xlvii. 21), but Jesus never. It is remarkable, too, that the Kurān accords to Christ the power of working miracles. He is described as giving the blind sight and raising the dead, and his birth was miraculous (Sūra iii. 41–43). As to Muhammad, it is much to his credit, and is certainly a distinctive feature of his teaching, that he always disclaimed similar powers. When unbelievers asked for a sign, he constantly refused to give any such proof of his divine commission. The Kurān he declared to be the one great evidence of his apostleship, the standing miracle of Islām; and that was God's work. It is true, however, that many fanciful miracles are attributed to him by his followers, and the vision of his ascent to heaven is converted into a real ascent.

Next, as to good and bad angels and genii (jinn)—among good angels Gabriel (Jibrail) enjoys the pre-eminence, being a kind of intercessor for believers.

The angels have pure and subtle bodies formed of particles of fire, and were created before man. Their shape appears to have been human; or at least Gabriel, who is sometimes called "the Holy Spirit" or "the Spirit of Holiness" (Sūra ii. 81), assumed human shape when he showed himself both to Muhammad and Mary. Angels have a great variety of functions. They separate the soul from the body at death, conduct it to paradise, convey warnings and revelations to the living, count their days, protect and con-

* *Nabi* is a prophet, *rasūl* an apostle. The latter is the greater and more specially sent. Every *rasūl* is a *nabi*, but every *nabi* is not a *rasūl*.

sole them, and after death question and pass a preliminary judgment on the soul.* At the day of judgment they will bear up the throne of the Almighty Judge. Bad angels have also their duties. In hell nineteen tormenting angels receive and torture the wicked (Sūra lxxiv.).

All bad angels are presided over by the Devil (Iblis),† who fell through pride. He refused to worship Adam, the man-God, at God's command,‡ on the ground that Adam was made of dust, while he was composed of fire. He was condemned to eternal punishment, but relieved till the resurrection day. He employs his temporary power in inciting men to idolatry, sin, and unbelief in the Kurān.

The beings called jinn (genii) occupy a lower position than angels; but their bodies are also formed of fire, and, like angels, they may be either good or bad. They roam about working wonders among men.

Muhammad's teaching in regard to the resurrection of the body and the future judgment is mostly borrowed from Christianity. Many signs are to precede the day of judgment. The sun is to rise in the west; Jesus Christ is to descend on the mosque at Damascus; the Imām Mahdī (of the Shi'ah creed) is to reappear.

Striking descriptions of the last day, full of sublime imagery, are to be found in the Kurān (Sūra lvi., lxix., lxxxi., etc.). Very little allusion is made to the intermediate state, Muhammad's ideas in regard to it, like those of Jews and Christians, being vague and indefinite. He probably believed it to be a state of absolute unconsciousness, resembling dreamless sleep.

Paradise is divided into seven stages or regions of happiness (Sūra lxxi.). Hell is also in seven divisions. A bridge (Sīrat) sharper than the edge of a sword stretches over hell. Believers and unbelievers have to pass this bridge, and the latter fall into Hell in the attempt. If Muslims are consigned to Hell on account of their sins, their imprisonment there is only for a time. They will not be punished eternally.

A large portion of the Kurān is devoted to the details of Paradise and Hell. The descriptions are material. Some explain them allegorically; but Muhammad's ad-

mitted passion for women makes it probable that he intended his Paradise to be a sensual one. We read of gold, silver, precious stones, crowns, bracelets, gardens, delicious fruits, rivers and running water, lovely girls with large black eyes (*hūris*) and swelling breasts, beautiful boys (*ghilmān*), music and bells, food and drink of all kinds, horses, litters, couches and pillows, silken carpets, furniture, and embroidery (Sūra lvi., lxxvi., etc.). In fairness it should be added that the presence of God is also dwelt upon as one chief delight of Heaven.

As to Hell, it is often described as a region of fire. The wicked are to dwell there amid burning winds, to drink scalding water, and eat filth. They are to be clothed in vestments of flame, shod with shoes of fire, and beaten with iron maces (Sūra lvi. 41, etc., xxii. 20, etc.).

V. Turning next to the practical side of Islām (*dīn*), we find that, although abjuring all external symbols, Muhammadanism is pre-eminently a religion of external acts. By works alone can a man lay up a store of merit and gain admission to Paradise.

And, in truth, the Kurān propounds a code of morality which, relatively to the period and the country in which it was promulgated, is of a very high order, and frequently of the highest Christian type. What can be grander than the following?

There is no piety in turning your faces towards the east or the west, but he is pious who believeth in God and the last day, and the angels, and the scriptures, and the prophets; who for the love of God disburseth his wealth to his kindred, and to the orphans, and to the needy, and to the wayfarer and to those who ask, and for ransoming; who observeth prayer, and payeth the legal alms, and who is one of those who are faithful to their engagements and patient under ills and hardships and in time of trouble; these are they who are just, and these are they who fear God. (Sūra ii. 172; Rodwell).

The five chief practical duties of Islam are: confession of faith (*shahādāt*) by repetition of the short creed (*kalimah*); prayer (*ṣalāt*, *namāz*); fasting (*rūza*); Almsgiving (*ṣakāt*); pilgrimage to Meccah (*hajj*).

Prayer has to be performed five times a day, and ought always to be preceded by bodily ablutions which are called "the key of prayer." It consists in regular repetitions of portions of the Kurān and ascriptions of praise to the Almighty, accompanied by prescribed postures, ges-

* This is especially the duty of two angels called Nakir and Munkir.

† Iblis is said to be corrupted from the Greek Diabolos.

‡ This command is a remarkable testimony on the part of Muhammad to the truth of the doctrine that man was made in the image of God.

tures, and prostrations. The prayers repeated are always in Arabic, and are scarcely prayers in the sense of petitions. They must begin with *niyyat* or "a declaration of intention," just as the Hindū prayers begin with *sankalpa*, and the recitation of the first chapter of the Kurān. Recital (*sikr*) of the ninety-nine names or attributes of God is also a meritorious act which may be performed every day by help of a rosary.

Fasting is enjoined for the whole month Ramāzān. Not a particle of food, nor even a drop of water, must pass the lips while the sun is above the horizon during this month; and, as the Muhammadan year is lunar, Ramāzān may occur in summer when the length of the day makes the fast a serious trial.

Almsgiving and benevolence are not the least important duties. Alms are called "a loan unto God." They "deliver from Hell and secure Paradise. The care of indigent persons is a very favorable feature of Islām. Lunatic asylums are said to owe their origin to Muhammadanism, just as the first hospitals for diseased men and animals are known to have been originated by the Indian Buddhists. Muhammad, too, inculcated great tenderness to the lower animals. His religion stands alone in admitting them to a future state of existence.

Pilgrimage to Meccah, once in a lifetime, is enjoined on all who have sufficient health of body, and means to enable them to bear the journey. The superstitious ceremonies performed—such as making the circuit of the Ka'bah seven times, kissing the black stone, running seven times between two hills, throwing stones, etc.,—have justly given the enemies of Islām a handle for adverse criticism.

No doubt it was difficult for Muhammad to get rid of his old superstitious reverence for the ancient temple of which his forefathers had been the proud custodians, and he was too shrewd to shut his eyes to the advantage of a local centre for his religion which would be to his disciples what Jerusalem was to the Jews.

In other respects Muhammad seems to have set his face in the sternest manner against ceremonial observances. He even abstained from prescribing what other systems insist upon as of primary importance—an initiatory rite introductory to his religion. It is said, indeed, that he began by making use of baptism as a convenient mode of admitting his converts to the true faith, and we know that afterwards he substituted circumcisi-

on as the more suitable introduction to the religion of Abraham; but this rite being already generally practised, no directions for its performance were needed, and none are given in the Kurān.

Unquestionably it must be admitted that Muhammad, notwithstanding his own personal frailties, was a great social and moral reformer, far in advance of his own age. He found polygamy and slavery existing, and he was unable to conceive a state of society in which they could cease to exist. Nor could he have successfully stimulated the martial ardor of his followers without allowing them complete liberty in regard to the capture of slaves, and the domestication of slave concubines. But he did much to mitigate these evils by the enforcement of strict rules and regulations. For his other manifest services to the cause of morality, such as the suppression of infanticide, the prohibition of all intoxicating drinks, of divination, lots, and gambling, he well deserves the gratitude of the whole Eastern world.

VI. It remains to touch on sectarian divisions of Muhammadanism. Its founder is said to have predicted that seventy-three sects would arise after his death, only one of which would have the right to be called orthodox, while every one of the remainder would claim to be the only true form of Islām.

The three main divisions are Sunnīs, Shī'ahs, and Wāhhābīs. The Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, and Indian Muhammadans are mostly Sunnīs, the Persians are mostly Shī'ahs, and the inhabitants of eastern Arabia, Wāhhābīs; but many Sunnīs are to be found in Persia, and Shī'ahs are also scattered everywhere in Sunni countries. The real truth is that the Sunnīs constitute a kind of established church, while the Shī'ahs and Wāhhābīs represent the nonconformists. The dissent of the Shī'ahs turns mainly on the succession to the khalīfate. The Sunnīs consider themselves the only orthodox followers of Muhammad on the ground that they accept Abū-bakr, Omar, and Othmān (the first two being the prophet's fathers-in-law and the third his son-in-law) as rightful khalīfs or successors of Muhammad, and that they submit themselves to the authority of the traditions (Sunnah) as interpreted by four great doctors (sometimes called imāms), Hanīfa, Malik, Shāfi'i, and Hanbal, each of whom is the leader of a different religious party among the Sunnīs.

The Shī'ahs, on the other hand, protest

against the legality of the succession of Muhammad's three immediate successors, and declare that the khalifate ought to have passed at once to 'Alī, the prophet's cousin and son-in-law (husband of his daughter Fātimah and father of Hasan and Husain). They are said to have seceded about three hundred and sixty-three years after the Hijrah; but in reality they existed as dissenters from the time of Muhammad's death, though not in great numbers or as an organized body.

The Shī'ahs, in fact, only acknowledge twelve true successors of the prophet, whom they call imāms or religious leaders, the first three being (1) 'Alī, (2) Hasan, (3) Husain, and the twelfth Abū Kāsim (also called Mahdī, "the guided"). This twelfth imām is held to be still living in some place of concealment. Born in the neighborhood of Baghdad in the two hundredth and fifty-eighth year of the Hijrah, he disappeared in a mysterious manner and is to reappear at the end of the world, or, as some say, at the second coming of Christ. In the mean while the Shī'ahs are without a supreme spiritual head, and are obliged to trust for guidance to their mujtahids, or learned doctors, who decide upon all questions of doctrine and law.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Shī'ahs differ from the Sunnis in essential doctrines. Nevertheless Shī'ahs are certainly inclined to give too great honor to 'Alī, adding to the two clauses of the usual creed a third—that 'Alī is the Walī or representative of God. Some of the thirty-two sects into which the Shī'ahs are said to be divided, even evince an inclination to exalt 'Alī above Muhammad, and one sect holds him to be an incarnation of the Deity. It is also wrong to suppose that the Shī'ahs reject tradition. They do not assent to the whole body of Sunnah accepted by the Sunnis; but they have a Sunnah of their own, and this contains some traditions held in common by both Sunnis and Shī'ahs.

The Shī'ahs, of course, observe the ceremonies of the Muharram, or first month of the Muhammadan year, much more strictly than the Sunnis. The latter only keep the tenth day with much solemnity, as the day of the creation of Adam and Eve; but all the first ten days are observed by the Shī'ahs as days of mourning for the martyrdom of 'Alī (assassinated at Kūfa in the year 660) and for the murder of his sons Hasan and Husain. Hasan is said to have been poisoned by his own wife, and Husain with seventy-two rela-

tives and followers met a cruel death at Karbalā near Baghdad, being there massacred by Yazid, son of the first Umayyad khalīf (Mu'āviya). Hence the Shī'ahs perform pilgrimages to the tomb of Husain and his fellow-martyrs at Karbalā as well as to the Ka'bah at Meccah. Their religion is generally of a less mechanical character than that of the Sunnis. They are more thoughtful and speculative and less inclined to interpret the material descriptions in the Kurān literally. Their mode of praying varies from that of the Sunnis, the arms being held straight down instead of crossed over the breast.

Probably the influence of Zoroastrianism in Persia helped to modify the Persian form of Islām. It is also to be noted that the Shī'ah tenets gave birth to a kind of mystical philosophy, called Sūfism, very similar to the Indian Vedānta system.

The Wāhhābīs were founded about one hundred and fifty years ago by a man named Muhammad, but were called after Abd-ul-Wāhhāb, the name of their founder's father. They are very Puritanical, rejecting all traditional teaching, except that of the prophet's companions, prohibiting pilgrimages to the shrines of the imāms or to the tombs of pirs, and in other respects trying to restore Islām to the condition of greater purity which originally belonged to it. But they are very fanatical, and are fond of advocating *jehād*, or the undertaking of religious wars—like the Christian crusades—against all infidels, whenever a probability of success offers.

It remains to point out a few peculiarities of Indo-Muhammadans. The Muslims of India are generally Sunnis, but they have borrowed so many practices and superstitious observances from Hindūism, that the religion of the majority may be described as a Hindūized form of Islām.

It is usual to divide Indian Muhammadans into four classes, called Sayyids (Syeds), Moghuls, Pathāns, and Shekhs. The Sayyids are supposed to be descended from the prophet, and are placed in the first rank. They are known by the title Sayyid, or Mīr, and are the Brāhmans of Muhammadanism. The Moghuls are the descendants of the Tartar conquerors of India, and are generally known by the prefix Mirza, or the affixed title Bey. The Pathāns are of Afghān origin and usually affix Khān to their names. The Shekhs (or Shaikhs) are a general class of Musalmāns not included under

the above divisions. These four classes of Muhammadans are again separated into subdivisions like the Hindu castes, each with its own customs and observances. Practically, very strong caste ideas with regard to intermarriage, commensality, etc., prevail among Indian Muhammadans, though, according to the Kurān, all Musalmāns are held to be religiously and socially equal.

Among other points of contact between Indo-Muhammadanism and Hindūism, may be mentioned the reverence accorded to aged men who have led holy lives, and are regarded as spiritual guides.

The Muslim's name for these spiritual leaders is *pīr*, and the tombs of pīrs in all parts of India are thronged with worshippers. In the Nizam's territory the shrine of a pīr at Gulburga is the most frequented. In the north-west there are five pīrs who receive special honor, corresponding probably to the five Pāndavas among the Hindūs.

In some parts of India both Muhammad and 'Alī receive almost divine honors from ignorant Muslims, who will at the same time flock to celebrated Hindū shrines in time of pestilence or other great calamities, just as the lowest classes of Hindūs will occasionally be found worshipping at Muhammadan shrines. In the north-west I once saw poor Muhammadan men and women in the act of propitiating the image of the goddess of small-pox during an outbreak of that epidemic. Moreover, the Islām of India has even borrowed something from the superstitions of Vaishnavism and Buddhism. I was shown relics of Muhammad, such as hair of his head, at Delhi and Lahor, while the impress of his foot is revered, if not actually worshipped, much as Hindūs and Buddhists worship the footsteps of Vishnu and Buddha.

Without doubt, this interaction of two religions, apparently opposed to each other, is a necessary result of their mutual attrition during many centuries. And, in truth, there is more agreement between Hindūism and Islām than may appear possible to a merely casual inquirer. Both are theoretically based on the unity of God. The fundamental dogma of Brāhmanism is even shorter than that of the Muslims. It is expressed in three words: *Ekam eva advitīyam*, "One only Being exists, no second." The countless deities of the Hindū pantheon are all portions of the one eternal and absolute essence, and, though they have separate forms and functions, are subject,

like human beings, to the same law of ultimate absorption into that one essence. In Vaishnavism there is clear recognition of one personal god, Vishnu.

Then, again, both Hindūism and Islām agree in strictly fatalistic views of futurity. They both make the idea of man's co-operating as a fellow-worker with God impossible. In Hindūism the universe is God, and man is part of the universe. Why should he exert himself as if he had any separate existence, power, or will of his own? In Islām, on the other hand, the universe is created by God, and man has a separate existence; but he must resign himself like helpless clay into the hands of the all-powerful potter. Doubtless, passages occur in our own sacred Scriptures which seem to inculcate similar fatalistic doctrines. But the belief of a Christian that men are fellow-laborers with God, and that he works through men, making their co-operation with him subservient to the economy and harmony of the universe, is equally foreign to both Hindūism and Islām. And yet in both systems, with curious inconsistency, a man's own acts and self-righteousness are his only passport to paradise.

Another element of agreement between Hindūism and Islām will be found in the inferior position both assign to women, and in the impenetrable curtain of privacy drawn by both around female life. In this matter, however, it is well known that the Hindūs have borrowed most of their ideas and practices from the Musalmāns. Indian women in pre-Islāmite times enjoyed great freedom and a far higher status.

Unquestionably, the heaviest accusation which Muhammad's enemies are able to bring against him is that by precept and example he encouraged sexual license and a low estimate of women. Woman, he declared to be formed of a crooked rib so weak and brittle that any attempt to bend it straight would break it. Wives are chiefly useful as domestic servants or as producers of male progeny.

Islām in this regard is never likely to be better than its founder. We know, rather, that its tendency is to descend from bad to worse, and that vices, which cannot be named, are rife in Muhammadan cities. Nor does Muhammadanism contain within itself any power of throwing off this most fatal of all moral diseases. The evil is like a subtle, ineradicable poison which circulates in its very life-blood; and the canker, which is ever eating into Muhammadan home-life,

is ever spreading to Muhammadan national life.

Yes, it is a lamentable fact that a vast moral chasm must ever separate Muhammadanism and Christianity—an impassable gulf which is never likely to be bridged over. Nor will, I fear, any middle term be ever found between the two systems of doctrine which is likely to bring them into more cordial relationship. Christianity must now be included among the established religions of our Indian empire, and the three great religious systems of the world may be seen confronting each other almost everywhere on Indian soil. Can, then, no treaty of peace, no amicable compromise, be adjusted between the two unidolatrous religions—Christianity and Muhammadanism—when points of agreement have even been discovered between two systems so apparently opposed as Muhammadanism and Hindūism? Have not the Christian and the Muslim good reason to regard each other as near relations? Do not both religions insist with equal force on the doctrine of God's unity, and are not both closely related to Judaism? The reply is that near relationship does not imply compatibility. Christianity is the legitimate child of Judaism—Islam the illegitimate; and between the true child and the bastard much harmony of feeling can scarcely be expected.

I have no hesitation in affirming that if any proposal were made for some sort of combined action between selected representatives of the three religions for the elevation of the people of India, a strict Trinitarian Christian would at the present time have less difficulty in coming to terms with Hindūism than with the religion of Muhammad. No Christian could, of course, ever reconcile himself to the monstrosities of Hindūism, nor to its hideous idolatry, nor to its doctrine of metempsychosis; but he might find under its broad, all-receptive roof, doctrines not out of harmony with his own fundamental dogmas of a Trinity in Unity and of divine incarnation and atonement.

It is admitted, of course, that Islām in the early stages of its career was the very soul of progress, and that only in later times have senility and feebleness crept over its vital forces. It is true, too, that Islām still makes converts by thousands among ignorant and uncivilized tribes, and by so doing elevates them far above the pagan level. The point to be noted is that, having raised them to this higher platform, it there leaves them. There is

a finality and a want of elasticity about Muhammadanism which precludes its expanding beyond a certain fixed line of demarcation. Having once reached this line, it appears to lapse backwards; to tend again towards mental and moral slavery; to contract within narrower and narrower circles of bigotry and exclusiveness. Whereas the Christian's course is ever onwards; his movements ever free; he is ever tending towards wider reaches of comprehensiveness, tolerance, and charity. His Master has not tied his hands or fettered his feet by rigorous and unbending laws. He is ever advancing towards a higher life, towards higher conditions of being, where he may find infinite scope for the infinite development of all that is most pure, noble, and spiritual in his nature.

And most certainly he can never consent to take a single retrograde step towards the beggarly elements of Judaism, and a worse than Mosaic yoke of bondage. He can never consent to any semblance of a compromise with a system which has not yet purged itself from the taint of sexual license, concubinage, and slavery, and still uses force in the propagation of its own creed. He can have no fellowship with a religion which, however reverently it may speak of Christ, regards the doctrine of his association with God the Father as a blasphemous fable, and the facts of his crucifixion and resurrection as dangerous deceptions. He can have no sympathy with a creed which at the best offers to its adherents a paradise more material, more earthly, more carnal than that from which their first parents were expelled.

MONIER WILLIAMS.

From Chambers' Journal.
A CAT'S-PAW.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHESTNUTS.

"So he has really done it," said Mr. Mitford, as he folded up a letter which he had been reading with close attention, and placed it in a drawer of his writing-table. "I hardly thought he would carry out his threat; Laurence has got round him so often. Well, Laurence deserves it, and, after all, Mallison may come home again all right, and have plenty of time to change

his mind. I have heard of wonders being done by the voyage."

With this, Mr. Mitford, who was alone in his private room on the office floor of his roomy old house in the main street of the quiet, well-to-do town of Bassett, put his keys in his pocket, glanced round to see that all was right, and leaving the business premises, vacated by his clerks for the day, went up-stairs to pay a visit to his sister. Mr. Mitford—the very prince and beau-ideal of family solicitors, whose discretion was unimpeachable, whose business was flourishing, and whose outward man was comely and confidence-inspiring—was a confirmed bachelor, with a weakness. Not a tender weakness, unless a love of flowers comes under that description. He had a garden, with a cottage attached to it, at a little distance from the town, and adjoining the Croft, a pretty though not imposing place, the property of Mr. Walter Mallison, his client, friend, and neighbor, and Mr. Mitford had no more vivid ambition in his life than to beat the head gardener at the Croft in the production of roses. If he had succeeded, the feat would not have affected the gardener's master in the least, for he was an invalid—an absentee—and he did not care about roses. Mrs. Orme, Mr. Mitford's widowed sister, with her son Frederick and her daughter Millicent, occupied the comfortable old house, with the county bank on one side of it, and the Provident Life Insurance office on the other, in which a series of Mitfords, all respectable, all entrusted with the business matters of the best people in and about Bassett, had lived for considerably over a century. The great grievance of Mrs. Orme's existence was that her brother would not live at home, as she said, but preferred a cottage, which she felt morally certain was damp, to the substantial house in Main Street, and the charms of domestic life. There never was a better brother; she and her children owed to him all they had, and it was a good deal; but he was an oddity, he disliked Frederick's flute-playing and general feebleness, and Millicent's young friends bored him. So Mr. Mitford lived at Ailsa Cottage, coming into town to his business every day, and seeing but little of the inmates of the old house. Frederick Orme was in his uncle's office; he was to have his articles by-and-by, and in time to succeed to the business, a prospect which Mr. Mitford regarded ruefully, for he had not a high opinion of his nephew's brains. But there was no one else,

and Fred was after all only a dabbler, no worse. He might improve; anyhow he was inevitable.

It was a beautiful evening, late in May, and Mr. Mitford was in a hurry to get back to Ailsa Cottage, but he wanted, first, to give his sister a little bit of vicarious pleasure. There was a message for Millicent in the letter that Mr. Mitford had just been reading, and he would deliver it to her mother, for he had the satisfaction of knowing that his nephew and niece were out.

Mrs. Orme, a gentle, worn-looking, but pretty woman, still under forty, welcomed her brother with unusual animation, and even a little flutter of spirits. Mr. Mitford was a model of discretion, and no one ever got any news about his clients' affairs out of him. Now, when a client was so old a friend as Mr. Mallison, this might fairly be considered aggravating, and it was only natural that when her brother told Mrs. Orme how Mr. Mallison had sent directions to his head gardener, Mr. Nettletop, that a lawn-tennis ground was to be laid out at the Croft, and placed under the rule and disposition of Miss Millicent, she should cut her expressions of gratification short, with the purpose of letting him know that she was aware there was something more in the letter. A bowlful of the very roses with which Mr. Mitford was bent on competing, was placed on the table by Mrs. Orme's side, and indicated that she had had a visit from the housekeeper at the Croft.

"Mrs. Sheppard brought them," said Mrs. Orme, "and she told me the news."

"What news?"

"As if you did not know. Laurence Mallison's marriage, of course. You need not have been so mysterious, for a thing like that was sure to get known. And now you may as well tell me who she is."

"My dear Emily," said Mr. Mitford gravely, "I am aware that Laurence Mallison has recently married, but I cannot tell you who the lady is, because I do not know."

"But you know that Mr. Mallison is so enraged that the brothers have quarrelled for good and all? They met in Paris, and Mr. Mallison told Laurence he should never have anything more from him; that he was done with him forever. She must be something dreadful; a French actress, Mrs. Sheppard says, and he met her at some gambling-place. I am sorry for Laurence, I always thought he was not so bad as people made him out."

"Did you?" said her brother shortly, provoked for once out of his usual reticence; "then if you had known as much about him as I know, you'd have thought him a good deal worse."

"But at all events it will be punishment for anything he has done, when his brother dies — and he can't live many months — to find everything left away from him to hospitals and charities."

Mr. Mitford smiled indulgently. He was not to be pumped or surprised. "I am not sure that Mr. Mallison is so near his end," said he quietly; "but now I must go. You'll tell Millicent about the lawn-tennis ground. She can give her own directions, and as soon as she pleases."

A few days later a registered parcel was delivered at Mr. Mitford's office, opened by that gentleman, and found to be a will, executed at Naples, by Mr. Walter Mallison of the Croft, previous to his departure for Melbourne, and forwarded for safe keeping to Mr. Mitford. He perused the document, nodded his head over it a good deal, and locked it up in a brown japanned box — one of a number that lined the iron shelves of his private room from floor to ceiling — on which the words "The Croft Estate" were painted in white letters. Mr. Mitford's office was of dimensions of respectability becoming to the business and its traditions; it consisted of a very large room on the ground floor, comfortably fitted up for the use of his clerks, and two smaller rooms on the first floor, communicating with each other, and reached from the clerk's room on one side by a short staircase and a double door, on the other by a broad stair rising from the square and roomy hall. All above the red baize door on the first landing was within the domain of Mrs. Orme. Mr. Mitford's rooms were furnished in a handsome, solid style, and no visitor could fail to observe the indications of substantial and responsible business afforded by the "good" names on the boxes, and the orderly masses of parchments and papers disposed upon the heavy mahogany tables and bureaus.

A great many family histories were stored away in those boxes, and a good many family secrets were hidden in the breast of Mr. Mitford. He was thinking over some of these as he walked out of the town one evening a fortnight later, and among them of the quarrel between Mr. Walter Mallison and his brother, which after long simmering had boiled

over at last. He was still of opinion that what had happened, and nobody but himself and Mr. Mallison knew what that was, served Laurence right. "A bad lot if ever there was one," he said to himself; "but the thing that puzzles me is why he should have married the woman. The notion of Laurence Mallison's marrying at all is preposterous, but the notion of his marrying at such a cost as this is outrageous. Let me see, what were the exact words of the letter? 'I had told him distinctly, weeks before, that much as I had borne and might still bear, I would never endure that, where my mother had lived, and where I once hoped to have seen another as good as she was, a woman who would have been unfit to associate with her should live. He knew I was in earnest; I put the matter in the strongest words I could find, to make him count the cost. I made him a liberal offer on the other hand, and I left him in the hope that the only motive that could reasonably be expected to influence him — self-interest — would tell, and the marriage be prevented. That hope has proved vain. I have refused to see him, I have told him that I had done what I said I should do, and there is an end of the matter. He called at the hotel where I was staying — I believe the woman was with him — and quite edified the French doctor whom he chanced to meet, by his fraternal sentiments. That was on my worst day, I did not know it at the time.'

"What a pity it was," so ran the lawyer's thoughts in continuation, "that Mallison's own marriage did not come off. He has never got over that, and the girl made a bad exchange by all accounts. Why, there's Millicent, and who has she got with her?" He was passing the open gates of the Croft, and three persons were close to them on the inner side: his niece, his nephew, and a lady whom he had never before seen. The stranger was young, handsome, and dressed in widow's weeds. She had not, however, any corresponding sadness of aspect, but was laughing gaily (a becoming action, for her teeth were faultless), apparently at something Frederick Orme had said, and giving him a bewitching glance, just as Mr. Mitford first observed her. The next minute Millicent was introducing her uncle to her new friend, Mrs. Armytage, with something of triumph in her tone. It was not often that Millicent could indulge her inclination to gush with so fair an excuse. Mrs. Armytage was a new arrival at Bassett, had been so fortunate

as
an
flo
th
an
N
"I
de
an
Sh
wa
mi
tin
ex
ton
un
Su
Ar
tag
he
len
on
fine
his
ros
Ar
sion
refu
to b
mad
with
niece
said
"the
you.
"
jokin
if sh
less.
gent
I sha
my t
"S
troub
brigh
maki
have,
Mr
was
looks
her a
only o
sition
havin
marria
in Ind
recom
cured
her th
tage n
Livi

as to make Miss Orme's acquaintance, and as she loved the country, and adored flowers, Miss Orme had just given her the great pleasure of a walk in the grounds and gardens of the Croft. And Mr. Nettletop had actually shown her the "houses" himself. She had heard wonders of Mr. Mitford's roses; if there was anything she worshipped, it was roses. She considered it a sin to cut them, that was not her notion of caring for them — might she see them at some convenient time? Frederick and Millicent furtively exchanged frightened looks, but were astonished by the prompt politeness of their uncle's reply, and the following afternoon, Sunday, was fixed for a visit by Mrs. Armytage and Miss Orme to Ailsa Cottage.

"I can tell you I shall come too, though he did not ask me," said Frederick sullenly, as the three young people walked on towards the town, and Mrs. Armytage's fine eyes looked unqualified approval of his resolve. The visit was made, the roses were rapturously admired, and Mrs. Armytage deepened the favorable impression she had made upon Mr. Mitford by refusing to allow even one of the blooms to be sacrificed for her. He had never made himself so agreeable to any one within the memory of his nephew and niece.

"Tell you what it is, Mrs. Armytage," said Frederick Orme, in his graceful way, "the governor has fallen in love with you."

"Nonsense, Mr. Orme! I don't like joking of that kind." She did not look as if she resented it particularly, nevertheless. "Mr. Mitford is a charming elderly gentleman, and so kind to me that I think I shall take courage to tell him some of my troubles, and ask his advice."

"Shouldn't have thought you had any troubles, I'm sure, for you are always as bright as — as Aurora," says Frederick, making a dash at the simile; "but if you have, you can't do better."

Mrs. Armytage's frankness of manner was as conspicuous as were her good looks. Her new friends knew all about her almost immediately. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of high position in the Indian Civil Service, and having lost her husband after one year of marriage, was about to rejoin her parents in India. She had come to Bassett on the recommendation of a friend who had secured lodgings for her, and hoped to join her there in a short time. Mrs. Armytage never said to any one that her mar-

riage had not been a happy one, and that she was not a disconsolate widow; she had too much good taste, she was too well-bred to make such a confidence, but somehow she conveyed an impression of that kind, and when Millicent and her brother and their friends talked about the pretty young widow, some one would be sure to say, "Poor thing! I'm sure Armytage was a brute."

It is to be presumed that Mr. Mitford could have satisfied society on that point, if he had thought proper to do so, for the pretty young widow speedily "put herself into his hands," as she said, in a tone of touching dependence, and the client's chair was occupied by her slender figure and lugubrious crape draperies with a frequency which was lavish indeed, if considered from the point of view of costs. Mr. Mitford, who was not generally tolerant of prolixity, and had a remarkably faculty for keeping a client to the point of his or her discourse, never looked at the timepiece on the mantelshelf while Mrs. Armytage was with him, or instructed one of the three clerks to bring him an urgent message, or a letter with "Wait answer" on the cover, in a handwriting singularly like his own. None of the remedies for boredom familiar to busy men were employed against Mrs. Armytage by Mr. Mitford, for the simple reason that she did not bore him. He had not fallen in love with her, as Frederick suggested, but she interested him; she was so pretty, she stated her business so clearly, she talked so pleasantly on a number of topics which were not business at all.

Frederick Orme had fallen in love with Mrs. Armytage at first sight. She ingratiated herself with his mother, and his sister preferred her to all her other particular friends. Mrs. Armytage might therefore be pronounced to be a success in the small sphere which at present she adorned.

The lawn-tennis ground had been laid out, and Millicent Orme found her consequence very much increased by the distinguished favor which Mr. Mallison had bestowed upon her. The only person who at all misinterpreted that favor was her new, but devoted friend. The pretty widow looked knowing, and hinted that it was not kind of Millicent to treat her with so much reserve. Of course more fortunate friends than herself would before long see Millicent reigning at the Croft. She should be in India then. She quite envied her; it was the sweetest

place. And when did Millicent expect Mr. Mallison to return? Miss Orme regarded the caressing speaker with ingenuous surprise, but answered without embarrassment, —

"What in the world can you be thinking about? I thought you knew that Mr. Mallison is a confirmed invalid, that nobody thinks he will ever come back from Melbourne, and that he will certainly never marry."

"Indeed, I am very sorry to hear this; it dispels a pretty little dream of mine."

"Oh, never mind that," said Millicent with a very becoming blush; her own pretty little dream was all about a certain young curate, and the attractions of the Croft touched her not.

"But why will he not marry?" persisted Mrs. Armytage. "Is it a romantic story? Do tell me, I delight in a romance of real life."

"It happened years ago; I don't know all the particulars," said Millicent; "but I know that Mr. Mallison wanted to marry a young lady whom he met in London. She was a Miss Burgess; I believe she was very pretty. Her parents were strict in their notions, and some stories were told them about Mr. Mallison which made them resolve that their daughter should not marry him. They took her abroad, and made her break off the engagement. I believe the stories were all true, only it was Mr. Laurence and not Mr. Walter Mallison who was concerned. When Mr. Mallison got at the truth he followed the Burgess family to some foreign country — I don't know what, but he was too late; the girl had been persuaded to marry some man who was to her father's liking, and I have heard that Mr. Mallison met her on her wedding tour. I hope that is not true; it would be too hard. At all events, it was on that journey he fell ill, and I have heard my uncle say he was a complete wreck when he came home. He has been very little at the Croft since then, but always very kind and nice to us when there, and he and my uncle are good friends."

"And the brother — do you know him?"

"Not at all. Mr. Laurence Mallison has not been here for several years. He is a very bad man indeed, I believe, and it is a very good thing that he will never be master at the Croft."

"Won't he?" asked Mrs. Armytage carelessly. "Who will, then?"

"Nobody knows."

"Oh yes, somebody knows — your uncle must know; but, to be sure, that is

the same as nobody. And the poor man is dying of consumption, I think you said?"

"Yes, I believe so. You see how different the state of the case is from what you imagined."

"Yes, indeed, and more's the pity."

Millicent said no more; somehow she did not feel disposed to confide in her friend about the curate. Mrs. Armytage was charming, but curates and cottages were not objects calculated to arouse her sympathies.

From Chambers' Journal.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

VERY shortly after the return of Sir John Franklin from the lieutenant-governorship of Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania as it is now more generally called, he sailed on his last ill-fated voyage to the Arctic seas. Only a few months previous to his retirement from his high official position, I visited Hobart-Town, on board the "Pestonjee," an old East India Company's cruiser, which had been chartered by the government of India to convey military and naval convicts to Van Diemen's Land. It was the custom in such cases to appoint a naval surgeon to accompany the transport ship, who had the sole command over the convicts; and also another naval officer — generally a passed midshipman — as an assistant to the surgeon, in his governing rather than in his medical capacity. I was appointed to accompany Dr. Clarke; and for the sake of the change, I accepted the appointment joyously, for it gave me liberty to do pretty much as I pleased, and released me for six months from the restraints of naval discipline.

The military convicts on board were in many respects to be pitied. They were all Englishmen; and most of them had been transported for offences which, had they been civilians, would have been punished simply by a sentence of a month or two of imprisonment. With the naval convicts it was different; they were chiefly what are termed in India "Portuguese," that is to say, they were descendants of the original Portuguese settlers at Goa and other parts of the Bombay coast. These Portuguese convicts, though mostly mere youths, were convicted of such crimes as mutiny, piracy, stabbing, theft, and even murder. It was necessary to

keep a strict guard over them; and it needed not that one should be a disciple of Lavater, to read their characters in the gloomy, malignant expression of their otherwise handsome features. Besides these, there were several female passengers, one or two of them wives of military convicts, who, as a great favor, had been permitted, with their children, to accompany their husbands; and others who, in consequence of the good conduct of their husbands, previously transported, had been permitted to rejoin them.

All went well until two or three days previous to our arrival at Hobart-Town. The day before, there had been a heavy gale of wind; but it had subsided, though there was still a high sea running, and the ship rolled uneasily. The female passengers, with their children, however, having been necessarily confined between decks during the gale, were glad to come on deck again to breathe the fresh air; and despite the rolling of the ship, they had nearly all come up, and were clinging to the bulwarks, anxiously looking out for the mountains of Tasmania, which it was expected would soon become visible. Among the children was a remarkably beautiful little boy of three years old, the son of a soldier in Tasmania. This little fellow was a great favorite and pet of all on board, and was fond of running about the decks and playing with the sailors. Presently the startling cry was raised: "A child overboard!" It was the little fellow I have just alluded to, who had escaped from his mother's arms and slipped overboard. The mother fainted; the women screamed; the sailors came rushing up from below; while, in obedience to the command of the officer, the watch on deck proceeded to heave the ship to the wind.

The captain, who had been on deck throughout the continuance of the gale, had gone to his cabin, worn out with fatigue. He was awakened, however, from his sound slumber by the unusual noise, and naturally anticipating that some serious accident had occurred, he rushed on deck in his shirt-sleeves, as he had lain down. "What is the matter?" he inquired in great alarm.

The accident was explained to him; and the distant form of the child, now appearing like a mere speck, seen from time to time on the crest of a wave, was pointed out.

"Be smart with the boat, my men!" he cried; and casting off his shoes, he sprang, without another word, over the

taffrail into the water, a depth of twelve or fourteen feet, and struck out boldly in the direction in which he had seen the child. He was an admirable swimmer, and had saved the lives of sailors on three different occasions under similar circumstances. His progress was watched with breathless interest. He was frequently lost to sight in the trough of the sea; and sometimes it was thought that the child had sunk, and then it was seen again, a mere black speck on the water. Sometimes the captain himself was so long out of sight, that fears were expressed for his safety; but he reappeared, still swimming boldly on. At length he was seen to reach the child; but he was so far away that many doubted whether he had saved it. He could be seen now remaining stationary; but none could be certain, even with the aid of a spyglass, whether he had the child with him. The general belief was that he had seen the infant sink, and feeling his strength exhausted, and perceiving the uselessness of swimming farther, was waiting for the boat to come up to him.

Meanwhile, the men in the boat were pulling with all their might, though their progress was difficult in such a heavy sea, and to us on board, it seemed painfully slow. We feared that the captain's strength would be utterly exhausted, and that he would sink ere it reached him. At length he was seen to be dragged on board; but even now it was impossible to discover if the child also was saved.

All was now silent enough on board. The women had ceased their cries, and their lips only moved with murmured prayers, as they watched with almost breathless anxiety the return of the boat. At length it came alongside. The captain was lying across the stern-sheets; but the child was safe, and strange to say, alive. It was soon lifted on board, and the next moment was clasped in its mother's arms. The mother and several of the women wept for joy.

The captain had been taken on board completely exhausted. He had seized the child's clothes with his teeth, and thus kept its head out of the water; but, as he said, he felt that he was unable to swim a single stroke to meet the boat, and was compelled to await its arrival. I need not speak of the reception he met with. It is enough to say that the mother threw herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, while tears ran down her cheeks, called upon heaven to bless and reward him. The other females were scarcely less af-

fected and grateful. The captain was assisted to his cabin and went to bed; while the child, when its wet garments were replaced by dry ones, speedily recovered its composure.

Two days afterwards we entered the harbor of Hobart-Town, and had hardly let go our anchors ere a boat was seen approaching from the shore, in which were the lieutenant-governor and Lady Franklin, attended by their body-guard, in the light-blue colonial uniform. The customary salute was fired, and Sir John and Lady Franklin came on board. Sir John inquired respecting the convicts; while Lady Franklin—as we subsequently learned was her constant custom when female convicts or emigrant ships entered the harbor—collected the women and children around her, questioned them as to their expectations and future prospects, and in the present instance promised to have the wives conveyed to their husbands with all possible despatch. She also inquired as to their conduct on board, and their means of living when they went on shore; presented those who could read with tracts, and promised to assist them to the utmost of her ability so long as they behaved themselves well—a promise which she afterwards carried into effect.

After Sir John had examined the convicts, he asked to be introduced to the government officers, and then descended with his lady to the cabin to partake of refreshments.

I was greatly struck with the contrast between Sir John Franklin and his wife. Sir John had already acquired fame as an Arctic explorer, and on this account, I, a youth of eighteen, regarded him with much greater interest than I should have done had he been merely the lieutenant-governor of Tasmania. He was a tall, portly, florid-complexioned man, with a head slightly bald, of very commanding presence, and with a cheerful, benevolent expression of countenance.

Lady Franklin looked like a fairy by his side. She was a slight, delicate-looking woman, with gentle, interesting features, and a soft low voice. Rather below the ordinary female stature, she seemed still less standing by the side of her stalwart husband. They remained about an hour, and then left the ship, a salute being fired on their departure. I had, however, an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with them than I could possibly have become during their brief visit to the ship; for before he left the vessel, Sir John invited the naval surgeon, the cap-

tain, and myself to dine at his residence, "the Penns," the next day.

Sir John Franklin had heard from the surgeon all relating to Captain Pirie's gallant conduct in saving the life of the child at the imminent risk of his own; and the women, with many praises and blessings, had acquainted Lady Franklin with the particulars, the glad mother proudly showing the beautiful boy whom she had so nearly lost. The captain was considerably raised in the lieutenant-governor's estimation in consequence; and as the women, when they got on shore, quickly spread the story, he became the lion of the day. The newspapers published an account of the affair; and he was an object of curiosity and admiration so long as he remained in port. It is not always that temporary celebrity is so well merited.

To return, however, to Sir John and Lady Franklin. The Penns was a pretty, park-like place, a few miles out of the town, to which the governor was fond of retiring from the bustle and ceremony of Government House. It was not very large; but the house was snug and comfortable, and the gardens and grounds well planted, and kept in excellent order.

At the appointed time, we made our appearance at the Penns as the governor's guests. A few of the members of the government, and one or two merchants from the town, were also present, and the dinner passed off as such dinners of ceremony generally do. Some of the guests, members of the government, were at daggers drawn with each other, and in disfavor with the merchants and citizens; but Sir John and Lady Franklin did their best to set everybody at ease and make things agreeable. There was, therefore, no apparent dissatisfaction; though a certain restraint and coolness between some of the guests was plainly discernible.

Captain Pirie was obliged to return to his ship that night; but Dr. Clarke and I were pressed to remain, and we did so, the captain receiving and accepting a second invitation, before he took his departure.

I well remember, when his colonial guests were gone, Sir John Franklin complaining of his position. "I am out of my element here, and I know that I am not popular with the free population," he observed to the surgeon; "though ever since I first landed, I have exerted myself to the utmost for the benefit of the colony, and have striven to settle the differences between the people. I care not how soon

I return to England; and Lady Franklin fully agrees with me in this respect. The fact is," he went on, "they want a stricter, sterner hand over them. Such a man as my predecessor. [Sir Arthur Head, if I mistake not.] They quarrelled with *him* too, as they do, and will, with everybody. It is one of the evils of a system in which there are two distinct and indeed antagonistic classes to deal with and to rule over—the free settlers, and the descendants of former convicts, many of whom are among the wealthiest and most influential of the people. Socially, the two classes will not unite or mingle together, though they are necessitated to do so in public. This is not to be wondered at. But it places the governor in a very unpleasant position, and will continue to do so until convicts are no longer brought here from the mother country, and time shall have obliterated all distinctions. As I was saying, they quarrelled continuously with the late governor, but he cared nothing for their complaints, and would have his own way in everything; and they really liked him the better for it. Lady Franklin," he added with a smile, "would have me resign the lieutenant-governorship, and return to England to settle down for life. But that would hardly content me. I long again to be on the quarter-deck—again to push forward the explorations in the Arctic seas, which I believe it to be England's duty to carry out, unless she is prepared to see the laurels of success plucked from her, and worn by some other country."

If these were not the exact words of Sir John Franklin, they are nearly so, and they express the tone of his conversation. He complained bitterly of the apathy that existed with regard to Arctic exploration, and more than once repeated his fears that if England did not move more energetically in the matter, the grand triumph would be achieved by America, France, or Russia. Still he seemed to feel an assurance that he would yet have an opportunity to continue the prosecution of the object he had most at heart, through private enterprise. That both he and Lady Franklin were heartily sick of Tasmania, was apparent in all their conversation.

The naval surgeon was obliged to return to the ship the next day to send away his reports and settle other matters in connection with his duties. I, however, had literally nothing to do. My duties throughout the voyage from India had been little more than a sinecure; and Sir John Franklin, who was always remark-

able for his great kindness to the young officers of his profession, invited me to remain until the ship was ready to return to India; and I on my part was nothing loath to exchange the confinement of a transport ship for the comforts of a pleasant dwelling on shore, and the opportunity of roaming at pleasure over the country.

Sir John seemed never to be happier than when speaking of his former voyages; and he encouraged me to converse freely with him as we strolled over the grounds together or rode out into the country. He had a complete and most perfect and elaborate set of charts of the Arctic regions, so far as they had then been explored, upon which his own explorations, and those of Captains Parry and Ross, and other Arctic explorers were distinctly marked out; and it was his greatest pleasure of an evening to display these charts and point out the spots he had visited; also tracing the courses he would endeavor to pursue, if it should ever be his "good fortune," as he expressed himself, again to be employed in what was the great hobby of his life. There was not a point he had discovered, not a spot that he had visited, respecting which he had not some anecdote to tell or some narrow escape to relate. And to me it was delightful to listen to these anecdotes from the lips of a man who had bravely dared and overcome the perils of which he spoke, and who had already rendered his name famous as one of the boldest and most energetic and persevering of Arctic discoverers. Besides, I confess that it was flattering to my pride to hear a post-captain and a lieutenant-governor conversing thus freely with a young midshipman, and encouraging me to express my own opinions, and listening to them kindly and attentively. I spent a pleasant visit at the Penns, and was sorry to return to the ship.

While we lay in port, an emigrant ship and a female-convict ship arrived—the latter, one of the last, if not the last female-convict ship that left the shores of England; and Sir John and Lady Franklin visited them both immediately on their arrival. It was her ladyship's chief pleasure, and she seemed to regard it as a duty, to exert herself to the utmost for the benefit of the younger female emigrants, and also for such female convicts as had conducted themselves well during the voyage, and whose offences against the laws of their country were such as afforded hope that, removed from the

temptations of vice and poverty, they might yet redeem their characters and prove useful members of society. It must be recollected that in those days, when there was a scarcity of females in the Australian colonies, young women were often transported for offences which would nowadays be punished by a few months', or even a few weeks' imprisonment.

On landing, the female convicts were taken to a government penitentiary, where suitable employment was found for them. Persons, however, in need of female servants were permitted immediately to engage such as they thought might suit them; and many young women were at once employed as housemaids, nurses, and dress-makers, those who engaged them being answerable for their good conduct, and bound at certain periods to send in a report of their behavior to the government. Such servants of course received no wages, beyond such *douceurs* as their employers thought proper to give them as a reward for good behavior. Moreover, after a certain period — four months, I believe — female convicts whose conduct had been satisfactory were permitted to marry any respectable and well-conducted free emigrant who was willing to take them, and had first obtained permission from the governor. The husband, moreover, was held answerable for them, and compelled to report them at stated periods to the officials of the government. Such marriages were very frequent; and it was said that many good-looking young girls were picked out immediately upon their arrival by men who were in search of wives, and who kept an eye upon them until the period of their probation had elapsed and they were at liberty to marry. It was even asserted that such females often made the best of wives. What, however, appeared strange to me was that neither the employers nor the husbands of convict females were permitted to know the crime of which they had been guilty, unless the convict, whether servant or wife, confessed it to them of her own accord. A similar secrecy was maintained as to the crimes of male convicts, unless they had been unusually atrocious, when somehow or other they leaked out, the convict probably being an object of extraordinary curiosity. Years, however, have elapsed since convicts have been sent abroad, Tasmania being freed from the evil before some of the other Australian colonies.

The lieutenant-governor came on board the vessel once more before we sailed, to bid us farewell, and to inform the captain

that he had sent a statement of his generous and gallant conduct in saving the child's life to the Royal Humane Society in England, asking that he should be rewarded with their gold medal; which testimonial he subsequently received. This was the last I saw of the kind and brave Sir John Franklin.

From The Argosy.

GEORGE CONSIDINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GHOST OF ALDRUM HALL."

"By the way, Jack, you have never told me how it was that George Considine left the army. Hadn't he a disappointment, or something of that sort?"

We were sitting together, my brother and I, in the old-fashioned oak-panelled coffee-room of the Hook and Hatchet, at Remhurst, our hunting quarters in the year of grace '73, enjoying the pleasant warmth of a genuine wood fire, and a bottle of our landlord's '47 — very good it was, too — after a long, hard day with the West Dartshire hounds.

"Ah, that is rather a long story and a sad one," answered Jack gravely, refilling my glass and his own, whilst I composed myself to listen to the following narrative:—

"He was a great chum of mine," began Jack, "when we were at Sandhurst together. I met him first at Raeford, that summer you went abroad with my father. He and I, poor Wentworth, and two or three other lads were staying down in the holidays. He first met Mary Laborde there. She, too, was staying at Raeford. Lady Lanchester was her aunt or cousin, I forget which, and Considine fell desperately in love with her after a boyish fashion: he was about fourteen, I suppose, at the time.

"After that visit I don't think Considine saw much of his lady-love until he came of age. He asked me to the ball they gave there, and had no eyes for any one but Miss Laborde, so I was not surprised when he told me, a month later, that they were engaged. Beautiful? Ay, she was, and she made many an honest heart ache, too.

"Well, Considine and I went out to India soon after, as you know. Of course his people would not hear of his taking a wife with him; in fact, I believe they did not altogether like the engagement. I lost sight of him for two or three years; he

was a shockingly bad correspondent, and the only letter I ever had from him, about six months after our arrival out there, contained nothing in the world but a description of a pony he and another fellow had bought, and some rather strong language relative to mosquitos. I answered the interesting despatch, and then the correspondence dropped.

"About three years after, you know I was ordered home invalided, and the first person I met on board the "City of Edinburgh" was Considine, looking as if I had parted with him but the day before. He nursed me during that voyage as you would have done, Charlie, and when I got a little better, and condescended to take some interest in my fellow-creatures, he told me how it was we chanced to meet again on our homeward way.

"He was still engaged, and had kept up a regular correspondence with Miss Laborde during those three years. Her last letter had brought him news of her mother's death. 'So I'm going home to be married, old fellow. She is left without a penny in the world,' he said to me. 'How on earth Mrs. Laborde contrived to live in the style she did, goodness only knows. But I have enough with Marston, and she shall never know what poverty is in the future, if I can help it.'

"He asked me to be his best man at the wedding, and his last words, as we parted at Paddington—he was going straight down to Raeford—were: 'I'll write and let you know all about it, Jack. Keep yourself in readiness to come and do your duty to me; you mustn't fail me, you know.' I answered him jokingly, and he ran off to his train. I went down to Paddington next morning to meet a servant—a lad they were sending up to me from Aldrum; and standing on the platform watching the Birmingham train draw up and empty itself, I caught sight of the back of a slight, familiar figure in a grey suit, getting out of a smoking-carriage, and I ran up and laid my hand on Considine's shoulder. 'Didn't expect to see you back so soon, old fellow. Nothing wrong, I hope. Where are you going?' 'To the devil, I think,' he said, under his breath, and trying to shake my hand off. I just glanced at him, and knew what was the matter. He had his portmanteau in his hand, and was striding off towards the cab-stand as he spoke. I followed him, and put my arm through his. 'Pon my word, Considine, I'm awfully sorry. Come home with me, will you? It will be better than going to the club; my

rooms are quiet.' 'No,' he answered, savagely, 'hanged if I do!' but he jumped into a cab, giving the fellow no answer when he asked where to drive; so I gave him my address, and Considine muttered a 'Thanks, Kenyon,' as I sat down beside him. He looked wretchedly ill and exhausted, and suspecting that he had not breakfasted, I made him have something when we reached home. Afterwards he said he was going down to his place at Marston, if I would go with him; they could easily get a couple of beds ready for us, and he thought there was some shooting.

"I had nothing particular to keep me in town just then. I saw Considine really desired my company, so I consented to go with him. His father had been dead some eighteen months, and his mother was abroad at some German baths for her health; the house at Marston was shut up and left in the charge of the house-keeper and a couple of maidservants. We telegraphed, giving them about an hour's notice, and then collected our traps and ran down by the four express.

"Marston Magna is a small, out-of-the-world village, hidden down among the miry lanes and deep clayey hollows of South Meadshire, and the Grange, Considine's place, is little more than a shooting-box; a quaint, many-gabled, grey stone house, standing on a little platform of green turf, and surrounded on three sides by a belt of Scotch firs, and a wide moat. Set in a dark background of trees, the place has a damp and somewhat dreary look. Passing through the line of white mist that rose on either hand from the weedy stagnant water that autumn evening, gave one a curiously uncomfortable sensation, as of stepping into some undiscovered region of gloom.

"At night, after we had dined together, and were smoking in sober silence by the fire, I looked up suddenly and saw the keen, quiet eyes fixed on me. Considine put down his cigar, and spoke. 'I should like to tell you all about it, Jack,' he said, in his usual tone. 'I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself this morning, and was rude to you.' I interrupted him with a gesture of dissent. 'I beg your pardon, if I were so,' he went on. 'But I was in a cursed temper: it's all over now; I only feel like a fellow awakened out of a pleasant dream a little too roughly.'

"He paused a moment or two; I thought I ought to speak, but I didn't in the least know what to say. So I held my tongue, and Considine began his story

quietly, with his usual dry and composed manner.

"I had no misgivings whatever when I started on my journey to Raeford last evening, though I had neither written nor telegraphed to—to them to expect me; meaning, you know, to take them by surprise. I did not reach Raeford until rather late—it was getting dusk, in fact; you know the arrangement on that South East line—if you are in a hurry you had better get out and walk. The Hall is only half a mile from the station, and I left my portmanteau in the cloak-room and walked up. Of course no one at the house knew me, and I would not send in my name. I asked for Miss Laborde, and the fellow showed me into the library—I don't think he knew who was there. There were two solitary candles burning on the table, and looking dim and yellow in the ruddy glow of the fire that went blazing up the wide chimney. I went towards it, not seeing that there was anyone in the room. She stood in that little west window, Jack, half hidden by the crimson curtain, and with her back to me; but there was the sleeve of a brown shooting-coat round her waist, and both her white hands rested on his shoulders. I saw at a glance who it was—Tom Thornhill, the richest and most finished fool in all Blankshire. I suppose I must have made some exclamation, for they both turned round with a start—they had not heard me enter or cross the room. She, Mary, knew me, and gave a little, half-inaudible cry, covering her face with both hands. I believe she must have thought she saw my ghost for a moment; Thornhill stared stupidly, twisting the end of his moustache. "I am sorry to have intruded upon you, Miss Laborde; I see I was presuming too far on my welcome. I should have asked permission to come," I said; rather brutally, I'm afraid. She raised her head. "You have not had my letter, George! oh, forgive me! but how could I know you had not had it?" "I received no letter since that one you wrote in June," I interrupted. "I wrote to you to—explain; I wrote last—oh, long ago," she cried out. Jack, I knew it was a lie, but how could I say so? I bowed, and said I was sorry not to have had the letter; it would have prevented this *contretemps*; but I needed no further explanation, and I wished—she broke in haughtily: "It is not my fault, Captain Considine, that you did not receive my letter. I, too, am sorry; most grieved; but I did what I thought right

in writing to ask you to release me from my engagement: it is a mistake, better for both our sakes, forgotten." I believe I said something I ought not to have done about a woman's faith; she drew back, flushing angrily. "I have been very wrong, I know," she said, "but I could not help it; I could not help it; I have been forced to do things against my better judgment: you must forgive me, George." She looked so beautiful, Kenyon, as she stood there by his side, her eyes brimming over with tears, her face a little flushed, and her white hand held out to me! I did forgive her, I think; but I couldn't take that hand: it was mine no longer, though God knows I could have died to call it mine one moment, even then."

"Considine paused a second or two, turning his head away from the light.

"She vowed she loved me—vowed to be true to me till death," he went on, at last. "But perhaps it's not in the nature of woman to be true to a man with only fifteen hundred acres and half pay, when an estate of three thousand and a title are laid at their feet. What more was there to say or do? I came away, leaving them together, my lost love and that—fellow. I have seen her face for the last time, Jack—don't interrupt me. The seven train had been gone half an hour when I got back to the station, and I had to stay at the railway inn all night and come up to town this morning. I would sooner have met you, old fellow, than any one, just then. You know all there is to tell now. It is like you to have listened so patiently."

"I held out my hand. Considine wrung it heartily, and then turned to light a cigar, and sat silent for the rest of the evening.

"Perhaps no one less intimately acquainted with him than I was would have guessed how crushing the blow had been. His very determination to tell me the story; a story which, by the way, most men would have shrunk from laying before a friend; and his quiet and composed manner of telling it, only gave me a deeper insight into the strength of the love and faith that had been so cruelly betrayed. Somehow I felt that, with fortune good or bad, George Considine would never be the same man again.

"The next few days dragged out a slow length in long stretches of dismal fog, or still more dismal small rain. But in spite of the weather Considine and I plodded silently over acres and acres of stub-

ble every morning for hours, and with little regard for future seasons, killing anything up shamelessly. But the long days in the open air and the simple living did me a world of good, together with the nursing and petting Considine's old house-keeper lavished upon me. She ordered us both about as if we had been lads of twelve or fourteen, and used to appear at all hours of the day and night that we spent indoors, with dry socks, comforters, strengthening jelly, or some concoction of the kind.

"With renewed health and plenty of good sport the days were still long and dull, and I should not have been sorry to get back to town at the end of a week, but for Considine. He was terribly down at times, and I had determined to stand by him as long as he wanted me. It was worst in the evening when, after dinner, we had drawn our chairs to the fire over wine and walnuts, he would not talk or smoke or play écarté.

"The Grange was fully half a mile from the village, and the clergyman, an old bachelor with a gouty foot, the only inhabitant with whom Considine was on visiting terms. More than one evening at that time, he sat until he had emptied the decanter and—but you will understand; I need only touch upon the subject. I said nothing at first, but the third time it happened I thought I ought to interfere, and I got up and put the wine away. He half rose, with an angry word. I went round to him and laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Excuse me, old fellow, but I can't see you do that. It won't help you, you know. The man who thinks to drown trouble so, is——'

"'A fool—you're right about that, Jack,' he put in. 'Thank you for reminding me; but the temptation's strong, when there's nothing left worth living for, to make as short work of it as possible.'

"I believe I lectured him about duty and so forth, and he took it all in good part: spite of his faults, he was a good-hearted fellow was Considine, and he never transgressed again while we were alone. For the rest, the sin, I am persuaded, will not be at his door. Of course it was a great mistake, his leaving the army, and I told him so, over and over again. It was no use; he sent in his papers and the thing was done.

"One day we were tramping homewards from an outlying farm, after a hard morning's work and not much sport, the birds were getting wild—when a rattle of wheels and a sudden shout warned us to

step out of the way. I turned round to see a well-appointed tandem driven by a tall fellow in a mackintosh, and before I had time to wonder what brought him there he had pulled up, and his groom was at the leader's head.

"'Hallo, Considine,' he called out, 'I was just coming to call upon you. Heard yesterday you were down here. How do?'

"'St. Just, by Jove!'

"It struck me that Considine's exclamation betrayed more surprise than pleasure. However, he returned the greeting cordially enough, and introduced me. I had heard of this Colonel St. Just before, and knew a little about him: enough, in fact, to make me rather curious to see him. Yes, one of the St. Justs of La Fontaine; he was a younger son, but very well off. He was in the Crimea, and wounded at Sebastopol. A man about middle age, I should say, tall and very slight, with a delicate, high-bred face, fair and smooth as a woman's, and with a woman's sweetness of expression. The smile with which he raised his hat to me was, I think, the most winning I ever saw. I made these observations while Considine was talking to him, or more correctly, answering questions. An invitation to dinner was given then. 'Come to-morrow at seven. We dine early. I have several young fellows staying with me, and I have to be careful of their morals, you know; and bring your friend—I beg your pardon, Captain Kenyon, did you say? I hope you will give me the pleasure of your company, Captain Kenyon, though I am afraid you will find it rather slow after Indian gaieties.'

"I accepted. With a good deal of shouting at the horses, and 'Good-nights' exchanged, they dashed off into the gathering mist.

"I didn't know St. Just was a friend of yours, George,' I said, as we shouldered our guns and plodded on again.

"'Oh, I have met him two or three times; I don't know him very well,' he answered, with some reserve, remarking presently that he wished he had not accepted the invitation; he supposed all the other fellows knew about it.

"'Dare say they do; but you must face that.'

"'Suppose so, unless I break my neck first,' he answered, with a bitter laugh.

"Walford, St. Just's place, was some three miles from Marston; a comparatively new house, and furnished in that high-art style which was just beginning

to come into fashion among a few enthusiasts in the æsthetic world. The dinner and wines were superb, and the other guests pleasant and gentlemanly enough: a few young officers — not one of whom, however, Considine or I knew; one or two Oxford men, Colonel Dixon of the 61st, a barrister, and old Squire Harwood, of Wixhope.

"The conversation savored rather of the stable at first, but there was not much harm in it. It was St. Just himself who gave to it a tone I did not altogether like — a covert sneer now and then at things no gentleman should sneer at — an imputation of wrong motive where none should have been imputed — a joke which a man would hardly have cared to repeat to his sister. More than once, I must confess, I felt a little annoyed; still, I could not help watching my host with more interest and admiration than is usually excited by a total stranger on the mind of a man with an amazingly good opinion of himself. The fair, handsome face, with its winning smile; the rich, deep voice, never raised above a certain pitch — he set the whole table in a roar and turned to swear at the servants in precisely the same low, grave tones — yet so clear that no word could escape you; and the graceful, polished manner, fascinated me in spite of myself. I couldn't keep my eyes off him, and yet I was glad when dinner was over, and we went to the billiard and smoking rooms.

"After a good deal of persuasion, Considine sat down at the card-table with Colonel Dixon. I did not care to play, and, pleading a slight headache as an excuse, took my cigar to a window-seat, with a view of making further observations. St. Just himself would not play, but walked about from one room to another, marking for billiards or looking over the hands of the half-dozen who were at cards. He seemed to me to exercise the same singular fascination over all his guests, the young fellows especially. More than one lad I saw color and start like a girl when the white hand rested on his shoulder, and the handsome head bent down over him.

"I got Considine away tolerably early, but not before he had pledged himself to dine there the following night; and hearing this, I, too, accepted the invitation, which of course was extended to me.

"The evening passed off in much the same way as the previous one had done, but there was some high play. More than enough wine had been drunk before we left, and — well, I had to drive Considine

home. I was more grieved and annoyed about it than I can tell you, and none the less so that I knew whose doing it was. St. Just played his part of tempter carefully and with infinite tact; but it was he, I knew, who had filled Considine's glass again and again, and proposed the higher stakes; and when George grew excited and angry through the quiet rebuke his host gave him, I had seen a gleam of something like satisfaction — a look in the gray eyes that startled me for a moment, and the recollection of which cost my friend a lecture next morning. He listened in moody silence to what I had to say until I concluded.

"If you are wise, old fellow, you will break with St. Just and his set. You know as well as I do that they are no good. We saw enough last night to give us a fair idea of what goes on there. Why not go abroad and stay with your mother a few weeks? I believe it would do you good."

"He faced round on me at that.

"Thanks, Jack; but I believe I am old enough to choose my own friends and place of residence. I'm sorry if they don't suit you; but the remedy lies in your own hands."

"I would not have borne the insult from any other man, Charlie; but I could not quarrel with Considine. I looked at him steadily for a moment, waiting for an apology; and when his eyes met mine, he came to me, holding out his hand.

"I beg pardon, Jack. I didn't mean that; but you must let me go to the deuce my own way."

"There is no necessity for your going there at all, that I know of," I answered, laughing. "And you will send an excuse instead of going over to Walford to-day, eh?"

"Hang it, a fellow must have something to do, and there is capital cover-shooting in the park," he said shortly, and with a slight frown.

"Never mind the shooting, old fellow; do what you know to be right."

"I don't know it to be right; and, 'pon my word, I will not be preached at, Jack. If you don't care to go, I'll take your excuses."

"He rang the bell, and ordered the dog-cart; and seeing that he was bent on having his own way, I said no more, and I went with him too, after a tough battle with my confounded pride. Leave him to himself just then I could not, and call myself his friend.

"I have since understood better the

object St. Just had in view in asking us to Walford. It was said, on very good authority, I believe, that more than one large estate in the county belonged to him, and had he chosen to lay claim to them the nominal owners would have inevitably come to grief. Scarcely one of his friends was not over head and ears in debt to him, and Considine's little place of fifteen hundred acres at Marston was perhaps more of a Naboth's vineyard to his neighbor than he was at all aware of. Moreover, the fellow had such an extraordinary love of and desire for power that he would spare no thought or trouble to bring a young man under his influence whether he had money or not. And not alone those of his own station. This extreme courtesy of manner, and this pleasant word and smile, that achieved to some extent his end with his inferiors, he never seemed to forget; and, though hard and stern in his dealings with his tenants, no man was more popular among the village people. His very grooms and stablemen watched for a look from him, and worshipped, if they feared him.

"I was not altogether pleased to find, when he came in to dinner that night, that St. Just had sent for our things, and we were booked to spend a week there. He came up to me in the gun-room with a courteous word or two. 'He had induced Considine to spend a few days with him, just for the pheasant-shooting—would I give him the pleasure of my company? Considine's friends were his—I must stay,' and so forth.

"I should like to have knocked him down, Charlie; but all I could do was to accept the invitation rather awkwardly, and resolve to get George away as soon as possible. He was standing by the window, and I went up to him.

"'You are going to stay, of course,' he said to me, rather shortly.

"I answered him with a touch of coolness, and, seeing he was in no mood to be reasoned with, left him alone. I wish now I had not done so. There were some wild things said and done that night, and I know Considine lost a lot of money—more than he could afford to do, by a long shot. I had to look on, fret and fume inwardly, and curse the winning smile and voice that were luring him on to destruction.

"My dear fellow, I tell you until you experienced it you could not understand how strong a fascination there was in St. Just's manner to a man younger than himself, and to whom his notice was—well,

a little flattering. He came up to me in the course of the evening, confound him, and complimented me on my long distances and one or two lucky double shots; and, spite of my indignation and disgust at the part he was playing, I couldn't help feeling his half-dozen well-bred, polished sentences were worth a whole chapter of praise from any other man. Well, he was a brave soldier, and served his country nobly. God forgive him the ill he wrought to my friend.

"'Considine seems to be playing rather recklessly to-night; perhaps it might be as well to give him a hint to-morrow,' he said to me, glancing over his shoulder at George's flushed face. My blood was up, and I answered him hotly.

"'I should think the hint would come best from yourself, sir.'

"He turned away with a courteous 'Perhaps so,' that was in itself the most cutting rebuke I ever had; but, assuming that I was right, he took very good care that I should have no opportunity of giving the hint next day, and I made one for myself by following George to his room, when he went to dress for dinner. I was admitted, not with very good grace, however, and I plunged into the subject straight away.

"'Look here, old fellow, if you mean to stay here, I don't.'

"He sat down on the bed and stared at me.

"'Very well. Sorry this place doesn't suit you. Shall you go up to town?'

"'No; I don't mean that, George. You know what I want to say. Let us cut the concern; we have neither of us any business here.'

"'I don't know what right you have to dictate to me in the matter, Kenyon.' He spoke haughtily, and I answered him in the same tone.

"'I have a right; you are my friend. I have never proved myself otherwise, have I?'

"'No.'

"'You must know how disagreeable it is to me to have to speak on this subject; but 'pon my honor, Considine, I can't help it. I can't see you go to the deuce without—'

"He interrupted me with a sneer. 'I am much obliged; I didn't know I was so far on the road to destruction that my friends could tell me to my face that I was going to the deuce.'

"I saw the mistake I had made, and did what I could to repair it. 'I beg your pardon, George. I shouldn't have

said that, but what is the use mincing the matter? You know this is not a good house for a young fellow to be in. I know no reason why you and I should stay.'

"I have remarked before, I believe, Kenyon, that there is no reason why you should not go if you don't like it. I suppose I can take care of myself under any circumstances, and I mean to avail myself of St. Just's invitation.'

"He got up and rang for hot water. I knew, blundering fool that I was, that I had overshot my mark. One more effort I made.

"I think you owe me an apology for that speech, Considine; but I don't want to quarrel. I have only spoken because we are friends, and I'm sorry you can't take my warning as I meant it.'

"Don't say any more: we shall understand each other better in future, I hope.'

"I hope so," I said, and took my departure. My wounded feelings would have induced me to act upon his suggestion and go straight back to town, but for the memory of that voyage home, and the almost womanly tenderness with which he had nursed a confoundingly irritable invalid. After that evening, I began to have a suspicion that he had gone too far to retreat, and that he couldn't have broken with St. Just if he would; but why it was that he refused me his confidence, I do not know. I'm afraid I was too calmly superior and self-righteous in my well-meant warnings. Ah! among the sins and follies of youth a man has to repent of, the memory of his beggarly little virtues is sometimes the bitterest.

"Our little difference seemed to have been forgotten next day, and Considine spoke to me in his usual manner. I did not see much of him though, and it went on for several days. But I will not trouble you with the details. I don't know if Considine lost much more money. I fancy not; but he never went to bed sober; and of all the wild, reckless set gathered in the smoking-room at Walford every night, he was the wildest and most reckless.

"The hunting season began. St. Just offered to mount us both, and we stayed on. I was more determined than ever not to go without Considine, and though very well aware that my host had had enough of my company, I ignored the fact, and received his cool courtesies with the best grace I could.

"You know the sort of hunting country it is down in Meadshire — small fields, high hedges, very little grassland, and covers all close together — not the best

place in the world for a forty minutes' run; and yet the South Meadshire hounds always came out first at the end of a season, and St. Just declared he would not change his quarters for anything. He himself rode well; a bit recklessly, perhaps, but I never want to see a better man across country. His stud was, taking it altogether, the best lot of horses I ever saw in any meeting stables; and Considine and I were well mounted.

"A good, bold horseman George always was, but his wild daring of those days made some of the hardest riders in the field hold their breath, and shout a warning that was lost in the gallant rush of the little Irish hunter he rode to his fence. Two horses he completely knocked up in as many days, and even St. Just remonstrated. Considine pulled in a little, and I began to hope that after all we might escape without further mischief worked; but he so persistently avoided having anything to say to me in private, I could not again introduce the subject of our leaving, save in the presence of others — and that I did not choose to do.

"I think we must have been there something like ten days before the — end came. Considine had a letter that morning; I don't know from whom, or anything of the contents; I never did know, for he burnt it almost at once; but the writing was a lady's, and I saw his whole face darken as he read it, saw him hand it to St. Just with a little laugh and sneer, and realized, perhaps, for the first time, that I had already lost the George Considine who was once my friend.

"I took a heavy heart with me to cover-side that morning, Charlie. The hounds met at Walford, and found at Deepdene; the fox broke cover, and went away for Weston — a good run? Ay, I think it was the best I ever had, and longer by twenty minutes than the one to-day. A burning scent, breast high, and not a check all along. The pace the first two or three miles left all the stragglers behind, and the rest of us settled down into our saddles, and hardened our hearts. It was worth a man's while to live for such a morning as that. A soft, south wind and cloudy sky, a good horse under you, answering gallantly to voice and hand, the hounds on well ahead, close together as they could run, and far in the distance, widening in the long, steady stride of a race for life, the dark speck you knew to be the best old dog-fox of the season.

"Considine kept on my left hand as we went up Longbrook Valley. He was rid-

ing a clever little mare of St. Just's, a chestnut with a vile temper, which she displayed at her fences pretty frequently. Considine lost *his* temper once or twice; but he managed to get his own way with the little brute, and was in the first flight when the fox was headed and turned west again over the Wixhope common.

"My horse was getting a little winded then, and I knew I must ride carefully if I wished to see anything of the finish. Considine passed me. His mare had cooled down, and was going splendidly with a free yet steady gallop that left many a veteran in the rear. The pace increased as we neared the edge of the common and caught sight of Wixhope village, lying in the hollow, and the blue smoke-wreaths curling up into the misty sunlight that had struggled through the bank of gray cloud above it. Down at the brook we left more than one good horse and rider—over a grass-field or two, through old Dobbs's farmyard, we held on like grim death, till a stiffer fence than any we had yet left behind made the best of us look to our girths and harden our hearts. I was no light weight at that time, and had some doubts as to whether my horse would do it; but a closer view showed me the ground was sound and there was nothing much of a drop, and I gave him his head. A warning shout rang in my ears: 'Hold hard, sir! not there—a bit higher up.' But my horse cleared it, fell, and recovered himself before I turned round in my saddle to glance behind.

"Some fifty yards lower down there was a tremendous drop, a wide, deep ditch, and bit of boggy ground, altogether the nastiest place you can imagine, and there Considine had jumped. He must have been mad to attempt it with a horse a bit tired. I suppose the mare cleared it, though, for she lay on the bank beyond the ditch. I saw his fair head down on the wet, red clay, a flashing out of white heels, as the mare struggled and got up, and I knew there was something awfully wrong.

"I believe I was the first to reach him; but, ere I could speak, half-a-dozen flasks were thrust into my hand, and half-a-dozen dismayed faces bending over the still, slight figure. St. Just's voice stilled the momentary confusion. 'Is that you, Forbes? come here. Stand back, please, gentlemen. It is fortunate that we have a doctor at hand.'

"Some of them moved away, and Forbes, the Wixhope surgeon, strode up.

A big, rough-looking fellow he was, with the voice and touch of a woman. I knelt, with George's head on my arm, while he went to work. He looked up at me in a minute or two, and shook his head. 'Can't do anything; he is dying. No, don't try to move him; it will not last long.'

"Something else he said; but I neither heard nor heeded more. They moved still farther away, the other fellows, and stood staring at each other in silence and dismay. I think St. Just was beside me; I heard him speak to the doctor once or twice, but I hadn't a thought to give him. I saw nothing but the white face upturned to the dull, gray sky, and the crushed, motionless figure that blast of horn or ring of horse-hoofs would never wake to life and vigor again.

"I have always been thankful, Charlie, that there was a momentary interval of consciousness before the end came. I felt a slight pressure from the hand in mine. Considine opened his eyes. I had to bend down very low to catch the broken words, and St. Just, with instinctive courtesy, moved away, a look on his face I had never seen before. If his remorse and sorrow were but a passing feeling then, I know that when his own time came to die, George Considine's name was the last on his lips.

"'I'm done for, Jack,' he muttered brokenly. 'I had always hoped to die in battle; this is almost as good—eh? Tell—tell her—is that her little hand in mine?—No, no, I tell you, St. Just!' He tried to raise himself. 'Gone away! is it? What does he say? Ware wheat, gentlemen, ware wheat! Out of the way there—steady, lad—steady—'

"It was a death no man need fear to die, Charlie, out under the quiet sky, the green fields round, your head on mother earth; hushed, friendly voices you will never hear again floating in on your dulled senses, and some strong, faithful hand holding yours till the last. Considine died peacefully, as a brave man should, a smile on his lips, and his eyes still seeking mine even in the little struggle which, thank God, did not last long.

"Yes, yes, they ran to earth at Austey Wood, and found again there. This wine is rather muddy, eh, old fellow?"

Was it? or were the keen, dark eyes, that a few weeks back had faced death so calmly, measuring distances so well, in the hand-to-hand encounter with a dozen desperate foes, and Major Kenyon, fight-

ing his way back to his men, had won his Victoria Cross — were they filled with tears?

From The Spectator.

DICKENS AS DRAMATIST.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD has brought out two largely padded-out volumes which he entitles, "The Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens,"* — plays and poems which could certainly have been got into a single unpretentious volume without any difficulty at all, and which would not add an iota to Dickens's great reputation in either shape, though in their present ostentatious form they might injure it, — if it were by this time susceptible of injury from any conceivable cause, — by the severe disappointment which the contents are certain to inflict on every one who allows his expectation to rise as he opens them. The truth is that the plays are vulgar and the poems are altogether commonplace and flimsy, and that neither the one nor the other are at all worthy of the great humorist. There are only a few touches in these volumes to betray the man of genius even to those who know how great his genius was, and absolutely nothing to prove his genius to any doubter or disbeliever. Those plays for which Dickens alone is responsible have an air of underbred jocoseness which is thoroughly distressing. And the poems are commonplace sentiments thrown into commonplace rhymes. No one who reads the farce called "The Lamplighter" will feel the least surprise that even so dear a friend of Charles Dickens as Macready found it impossible to accept it, while he will find it very difficult to understand how so great a humorist as Dickens ever came to write either that, or the disagreeable rubbish which he called "Is She his Wife? or Something Singular." The only surprise of these volumes will be the discovery that the plays in which Dickens was assisted by men of much less genius than himself, *i.e.* Mark Lemon and Wilkie Collins, are unquestionably superior to those of which he alone was the author.

All this may be a puzzle to those who remember, first, how much of dialogue, absolutely unrivalled in its way, Dickens has embodied in his greatest books; and next, how very great he himself was as an actor, and, — what was the next thing to

his ability as an actor — as a reader of his own most brilliant scenes. How is it that the man who was preferred as an actor to Charles Matthews by many excellent judges, and whose most brilliant achievements, even in his novels, consisted in comic monologues or dialogues, could have produced dramatic pieces so feeble and vulgar as three of these plays, and so emptily conventional as the fourth? We can only suggest a very partial solution of the difficulty, but a partial solution there is. Any one who will compare the very miserable and vulgar farce called "The Lamplighter" in these volumes, with the contributions to "The Pic Nic Papers" called "The Lamplighter's Story," which is republished here, will, in part at least, divine it. The latter, though it is one of Dickens's poorest efforts, — probably *because* it was a recast of the rejected farce, — is yet much superior to the farce, and in the opening portion of it is not quite unworthy of the humorist. You see at once how much better adapted than the dramatic form was the easy narrative form to the vigilant, observant humor of Dickens. The moment he gets his Lamplighter Chairman and his Lamplighter Vice-Chairman hobnobbing together at the Lamplighters' House of Call, he falls into his natural manner, and you begin to smile at his touches, just because he does not feel bound to make every separate speech a separate effect. "Gentlemen," said the Lamplighter in the chair, 'I drink your healths.' 'And perhaps, sir,' said the Vice, holding up his glass, and rising a little way off his seat, and sitting down again, in token that he recognized and returned the compliment, 'perhaps you will add to that condescension by telling us who Tom Grig was, and how he came to be connected in your mind with Francis Moore, physician.' That is not a sample of Dickens's humor, but it is a sample of that easy, keen observation which makes so admirable a background for his humor; and it is certain that half the intolerable vulgarity of the farce is removed by the framework in which it is set in the paper, where it becomes a legendary narrative, told by their chairman to the assembled lamplighters in a tavern. It may be remembered how utterly another great humorist, Charles Lamb, failed, when he exchanged the easy, slipshod style of the essay, for the commedietta and the farce. The fact is, no doubt, that the dramatic form is as highly artificial a form of art as it is possible to conceive, — as artificial as sculp-

* W. H. Allen and Co.

ture itself, which separates outline, and curve, and figure from all the other accessories of the human body, and attempts to recall by a single set of characteristics what most men are accustomed to associate with different combinations of these in union with a great variety of quite other characteristics. Drama, in the same way, is an attempt to make character and adventure visible by conversation alone, and very few have the gift requisite to succeed in this. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, failed in the attempt, and to some extent, no doubt, for the same reason for which Dickens failed in it, — that, admirable as his dialogues often were, they depended for half their effect on previous descriptions, or on touches of interposed comment, so that even the dialogues themselves would not seem half as admirable, if they were not so often interpreted or illustrated by the author himself, speaking in his own person. Take, for example, the scene between the Antiquary and Ede Ochiltree, in which the old bedesman confounds his adversary by saying: "Prætorian here, prætorian there, I ken the bigging o't!" and see how difficult it would be to get the humor of that passage of arms into a dramatic scene without narrative accessories. And so it is with Dickens's very best dialogues. The immortal quarrel between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig would be utterly spoiled without large extracts from Dickens's easy descriptive sketches of the two ruffianly old nurses, explanatory of the motives with which they met, and the animosities which, under the inflammatory influence of drink, broke out into mutual hatred. These wide, miscellaneous, roundabout observers, who catch so many of the side-points of every scene which most men miss, seem to be struck with a sort of paralysis, when they are deprived of the right to present us with those innumerable side-lights and unexpected glimpses by which so many of their most telling effects are produced. Even Mrs. Gamp's conversation would be robbed of half its flavor, if you had not had the fullest possible description of her bedroom, of her demeanor in waiting upon other people, of her servility to the undertaker and his wife, of her brutality to Mr. Chufey. With Dickens, description suggests the dialogue, and the dialogue results in more description. Without the one, the other is sure to be starved; and no one who knows his greatest books can doubt that the descriptive power is much the more original and originating, much the more

fertile in humor of the two. Wonderful as the dialogue often is, the marvellous humor of it may generally be detected in its germ in the previous descriptions. Thus, one of the few good touches in "The Lamplighter" is a touch obviously born of humorous observation, and not in the least due to dramatic instinct, — the lament ascribed to the old oil-lamp-lighter over the discovery of gas. "'I foresee in this,' says Tom's uncle faintly, and taking to his bed as he spoke, 'I foresee in this,' he says, 'the breaking-up of our profession. There's no more going the rounds to trim by daylight, no more dribbling-down of the oil on the hats and bonnets of ladies and gentlemen, when one feels in spirits. Any low fellar can light a gas-lamp.'" That, no doubt, is put into the form of a speech, but it is a speech which has not the slightest bearing on the action of the piece, and which obviously owed its origin to Dickens's keen observation and humorous insight into the mischievous motive of the lamplighters, when they were "in spirits." Dickens's dialogue is always best when it grows most obviously out of his descriptions. Indeed, his greatest characters are impersonations of the external circumstances most appropriate to them, — Mrs. Gamp, of the surroundings of the bad old monthly nurse; Mr. Pecksniff, of those of the ideal hypocrite; Bumble, of those of pure Bumbledom; and so forth. Where Mr. Pecksniff, for instance, begins to walk on tiptoe about a mile and a half from home, in order, as he says, to take his dear girls by surprise, you see at once how perfectly Dickens's best touches are conceptions improved by the imagination from hints caught in actual observation.

But yet it will be said that since Dickens was so great a comic actor, and as so many of his most popular stories, — his Christmas stories especially, — gravitate towards melodrama, there must have been a certain amount of dramatic bent and talent in him. Of the bent and talent for rendering dramatic effects, we have no manner of doubt. What we do entirely deny is that he had any genius at all for concentrating naturally in dialogue the drift of any sort of story, tragic or comic. All Dickens's finest dialogues are dialogues of pure humor, in which the story hardly progresses at all. Think of the innumerable clever dialogues in "Oliver Twist" between the Beadle and the Matron, between Noah Claypole and Charlotte, between the Dodger and Charley Bates, between flash Toby Crackit and

Sikes, and you will find that the merit of almost all of them lies in their humor and the vivid descriptive effects, and not in the least in their development of the story. And just the same is true of "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and all the rest. The best dialogues are altogether non-essential to the story, and are enjoyed on their own account, not in the least because they promote the action of the piece. Directly Dickens sat down to write comedy or farce, he failed, because he felt the fetters of the drama. He had to make a story tell itself in dialogue, and to this his genius was really not suited. The nearest things he produced to effects of this kind were melodramatic effects, such as the final "explanations" in "The Battle of Life," and others of the Christmas tales. And we do not hesitate to say that all these melodramatic effects, even though in a sense highly wrought, are utterly untrue to nature, and extremely disagreeable in their artistic effect. Dickens, as we think, was quite at his best when he was freely inventing humorous variations and caricatures of the effects which his quick and laughing eye had seized, variations and caricatures which were not in the least dramatic, but rather imaginative extensions of his wide and quaint experience. Directly he tried to tie himself down to telling a story in dialogue, he became either poor, feeble, and conventional, or disagreeably excited and melodramatic. It is said that as an actor he was marvel-

lously "earnest," which means, of course, that he threw his whole mind into the attitude of the moment. And that we can well believe. But then he so often threw his whole mind into a thoroughly unreal and affected attitude, that this is no evidence at all of dramatic capacity as an author. When, for instance, he makes Florence Dombey throughout a whole conversation insist on personally addressing the old mathematical-instrument maker as "Walter's Uncle," the reader is positively outraged by the intolerable sentimentality of this melodramatic "earnestness;" and, no doubt, if Dickens could have acted a girl's part, he would have insisted on this odious conceit with supreme "earnestness." Dickens was doubtless a very effective actor, for he could take up in this way a totally false attitude of mind with as much zeal and "earnestness" as a true attitude. But he was no dramatist. He describes the effects of character far better than he impersonates action in speech. His dramas are as poor as his poetry, and much more vulgar; and though he could write melodrama, that only means that he could spoil very good conceptions by stimulating his imaginary characters into attitudes of passion, and conflict, and self-vindication, in which every sentiment became artificial, and every note was uttered in a falsetto key. The genuine admirer of Dickens should speak of these vulgar plays and conventional verses only in the subdued language of apology and extenuation.

At the meeting of the Wordsworth Society lately, Mr. Rawnsley read a most amusing paper on the opinions of Wordsworth entertained by the poor Cumberland folk about Rydal. He "interviewed" the now aged butcher-boy who in former days served Wordsworth's family; the innkeeper who was formerly the poet's garden-boy, and who, when drunk, recollects all about the poet better than when he is sober; the waller who built walls and chimneys, etc.; and then gave their racy report in the dialect and its twang. Wordsworth was but a poor creature beside "lile Hartley," little Hartley Coleridge, "the philosopher" as he was called. The poet never went into a public house and made himself at home with his neighbors; whereas "lile Hartley" was the

oracle of all the publics in the district. Wordsworth used to go "bumming and bumming," but no one there read his poetry; his real line was "chimneys"—he had ideas about their being built round—and trees, which he did not like to be cut down. He also objected to stones being broken up or moved. He was no good at wrestling, or any other sport except skating, and was generally of not much account. His wife was "terrible sharp on the butchering-book." His sister used to put down the scraps of his "pomes" as he "bummed 'em out." We hope that some enterprising magazine editor will soon print Mr. Rawnsley's paper. His two raciest reports on the poet he had no time to read.

Academy.